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Lyra Eucharística.

Lyra Eucharistica :

HYMNS AND VERSES ON
THE HOLY COMMUNION,
ANCIENT AND MODERN ;
WITH OTHER POEMS.

EDITED BY
THE REV. ORBY SHIPLEY, M. A.



London :
LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, ROBERTS,
AND GREEN.
1863.





Preface.



THE following Collection of Hymns and Verses on the Holy Communion has been made with a twofold object.

It is well known, even to those who are but little acquainted with the subject of Hymnology, that there exists a large number of Hymns, ancient and mediæval, on the Holy Eucharist. A considerable number of these Hymns have, of late years, been made accessible to ordinary students in the collections of Daniel, Mone, and others abroad, and by Dr. Neale and other Liturgical scholars amongst ourselves. But, in the revived and increasing appreciation of ancient Hymns, those which relate to or bear upon the Holy Communion have, for the most part, been overlooked, or at least unheeded. For this disregard of old Eucharistic Hymns several reasons may be given. That it is caused, not by any lack of devotional sentiment, nor by any absence of poetic beauty in the Hymns themselves, will be admitted. But

an adequate reason may be found in the fact, that the English Office for Holy Communion is not considered sufficiently elastic to allow of Hymns, other than those which the Office itself already contains, being introduced into Divine Service before the Holy Gospel for the Day, in the place in which they were formerly sung.

Hence, although we are indebted, at the present day, to ancient Sources for many of the most beautiful of our Hymns, which are also the most popular; yet these Hymns, for the most part, were composed either for the greater Festivals of the Church, or for the Commemoration of some Holy Day or Season: they were not intended for use at Holy Communion. And since Hymns specially adapted for the Altar Office are seldom required, and still less often employed, it is only natural that such Hymns from the Latin and the Greek, as well as those of German and other origin, have been but rarely translated into English verse. The present is not the time to express regret for this neglect of Eucharistic Hymns, nor to venture on an opinion, that, whilst so much talent is devoted, and justly, to other musical portions of Divine Service, it might be well to consider the re-introduction of Hymns, to be sung congregationally, into the Office for Holy Communion. But, to show how little this class of Hymns has been hitherto employed, it may be mentioned that, in the Collection

which has deservedly secured by far the widest circulation of any Hymnal of the present day, under the title of *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*, out of 273 Hymns from all sources, there are only five printed in the body of the work on the subject of the Blessed Sacrament, of which two only are translated from ancient Hymns; although there are two more, and part of a third, amongst the Introits, all of which are from ancient Sources. In the still more recently published Volume of Hymns, edited by Dr. Kennedy, with the title of *Hymnologia Christiana*, which contains the largest number of Hymns, for the use of the Church, hitherto collected into a single Volume, viz. 1500 Psalms and Hymns, only one Psalm and twenty-three Hymns are intended for the Holy Communion, hardly more than a tithe of which may be referred to ancient Sources for their origin.

As my studies have been directed to the English Office for Holy Communion, its history, ritual, and devotions, the question of Eucharistic Hymns naturally forced itself on my attention; and I soon found how little we had yet gathered, in an English form, from that particular portion of the wide field of ancient Hymnology. It is true that several Hymns on the Blessed Sacrament have been translated into English verse, and some of them very frequently.* But they are

* Of the *Pange lingua* there have been at least, and may

chiefly versions, with more or less fidelity and force, by different persons, of the same majestic Hymns which, in their original Latin, have attained world-wide renown. The grandest and most beautiful of these Hymns are, in one form or another, familiar to English readers, but they are few; whilst many other Hymns and Sequences, which competent judges declare to be only second, and sometimes not at all inferior, to the inspirations of S. Thomas Aquinas, have been allowed to remain in the language in which, and, for the most part, in the position for which, they were originally composed.

Until lately, the great body of these Sacramental Hymns, even in their original form, has been unknown to all but to Liturgical students. Of late years, however, a large number have been discovered and collected, and have been rendered accessible in the Collections mentioned above. But there is good reason to believe that we are still unacquainted with the extent of the Church's heritage in Hymnological wealth, as further research is continually bringing to light Hymns previously unknown, or long ago forgotten. Many of these treasures, which have been obtained from many parts of Christendom, under the common title of *Sequentiæ Ineditæ*, have

have been many more than seventeen or eighteen different versions or translations, published of late years; of the *Adoro Te* about thirteen or fourteen.

appeared from time to time, and, it is hoped, will continue to appear, in the pages of the contemporary Periodical, *The Ecclesiologist*. But in these Collections, the Eucharistic Hymns remained in the language in which they were written; and only the favoured few, chiefly those of S. Thomas Aquinas, have found their way, in the vernacular, into Hymn-books or books of Poetry.

Perhaps one of the earliest attempts during the present revival of the taste for ancient Hymns, (although there have been several incidental efforts in previous Centuries,) to popularize Hymns on the Holy Eucharist was made in the year 1839, by the Author of *The Cathedral*, who, in the Volume of *Hymns translated from the Parisian Breviary*, translated four out of the five well-known Hymns composed by S. Thomas Aquinas. The same four Hymns, together with the *Lauda Sion*, were translated afresh, ten years later, by the Rev. E. Caswall, who to these added, in 1858, several other English renderings of Sacramental Hymns, which, with his wonted kindness, he has allowed to be reprinted, together with several other of his Hymns, in *Lyra Eucharistica*. Between these two dates several other versions and imitations of one or more of these Hymns were issued. In 1852, Dr. Neale, in *Mediæval Hymns and Sequences*, published two fresh translations of the *Adoro Te devote*, and the *Pange lingua*, and to these he added a Sacramental Hymn of the vij.

Century; and in a later Volume, *Hymns from the Eastern Church*, he has translated two more, of the vij. and viij. Centuries respectively—the three latter of which Hymns, by the great kindness of the Translator, appear in the present Collection.

In 1857 *Lauda Syon* was published, and this, with another publication by the same Author, was the first effort to escape from the accustomed groove, in which translators of Hymns on the Holy Communion had hitherto chiefly moved. And in addition to the five usual Sacramental Hymns, six other Hymns, some of considerable length, have been translated by J. D. Chambers, Esq., only one of which, it is believed, had previously appeared in English. At the time of its publication, *Lauda Syon* contained the largest number of Eucharistic Hymns that had been collected in one Volume. And it was only by the kindness of the Translator, who was so good as to allow his Hymns to be reprinted, that a Manual of Devotions for the Altar Office, *The Divine Liturgy*, published at the close of 1862, contained a still larger collection of this class of Hymns. But the latest effort to popularise Hymns on the Holy Communion, has been made by the “Committee of Clergy,” which has lately issued some valuable Tracts and Books of Devotion. *Eucharistic Hymns* is the title of a little Book of sixteen pages, which contains valuable translations of seven Hymns—the greater number of which ap-

peared for the first time in an English version. All these Hymns have been generously placed at my disposal, by the learned Translator, for incorporation into *Lyra Eucharistica*; and those, of which I have not elsewhere obtained translations, have been thankfully reprinted.

The first main object, then, in the publication of *Lyra Eucharistica*, was the collection into one Book of many of the more beautiful of the ancient and mediæval Hymns on the Blessed Sacrament, not only as reprints from Works already published, but also and chiefly of new translations. And this object has been accomplished entirely through the kindness and instrumentality of friends.

The result has been this—that out of the large number of Hymns from ancient or mediæval Sources which this Book contains, either directly on the subject of the Holy Communion, or indirectly bearing upon it, twenty-six or twenty-seven are new translations. Some few, indeed, were printed in *The Divine Liturgy* a few months ago; but these were kindly undertaken at my suggestion, and have been rendered into English in order to form a part of the present Collection; so that, substantially, they now appear for the first time in the vernacular. And if to these be added the Hymns that have been lately published, it will appear that, during the past year, there have been added to our stock of Eucharistic Hymns,

from the Greek and Latin, upwards of thirty newly translated Hymns, hitherto unattempted in English. But although this, in comparison with previous efforts to introduce ancient Sacramental Hymns into our language, is a large advance on the past, yet it is believed that the store, whence these Hymns were drawn, is well nigh inexhaustible, and will amply repay further examination.

The dates of the newly translated or recently published Hymns from ancient and mediæval Sources contained in this Book extend from the vij. to the xvij. Century ; the Hymn written at the latest date being composed by Santolius of S. Victor, and the two which bear the earlier date being respectively, of Latin origin, from the Antiphonary of Banchor, and from a Greek source, by S. Andrew, Archbishop of Crete. The period, however, which appears to be the richest in Eucharistic Hymns, is that which began in and succeeded the age of S. Thomas Aquinas, from the xij. to the xvj. Centuries ; and for the causes of this increase in the number of Hymns on the Holy Communion at this particular time, there is obvious evidence in the History of the Church. The institution of the Feast of CORPUS CHRISTI, with its Octave of Commemorative Services, of itself was sufficient to create a demand for additional Sacramental Hymns ; and many were those who must have been inspired by, even if they did not actually imitate, the compositions of the Poet as

well as Doctor of the Church, who supplied the authorised Hymns and Sequences for that and other Festivals of Western Christendom.

The dates of all these Hymns cannot be ascertained. In most cases, however, it is believed that the date assigned represents the Century later than which the Hymn was probably not written. But if there is uncertainty with reference to the dates, there exists absolute ignorance about the Authors of many of the Hymns from ancient Sources in the following Collection; so that the Hymns, for the most part, have to be distinguished by the Locality in which they were discovered, the Office Book in which they are enshrined, or even the Collection in which they may now be found. For although the names of S. Andrew of Crete, of S. John Damascene, of S. Anselm, S. Bernard, and S. Thomas, of Angelus and Santolius, and of S. Teresa, are attached to some of the Hymns, yet many more are lacking in any clue for the discovery of their authorship. Most of them may be claimed by some Continental Church or Conventual Establishment. Canterbury, York, and Banchor, however, have contributed their quota to the Collection. But the Office Books of Straßburg, Carlruhe, Paris, Munich, Mayence, Liege, Augsburg, Freising in Bavaria, Drontheim in Norway, Prague, and the famous Benedictine Abbey of Reichenau, an Island in the Lake of Constance, have supplied the chief materials for

that older portion of *Lyra Eucharistica* which is now first published.

The second main object in the publication of *Lyra Eucharistica* was this—the collection into a single Volume of many scattered Hymns and Verses, either already published, or not yet in print, on the subject of the Holy Communion. Those who will give the matter consideration may remember, that in many recently published Books of Poetry, amongst the miscellaneous Poems, may be found a single one, or more, on the Blessed Sacrament. In the Magazines also of the day, which have more or less of a religious aim, such short pieces of Verse may often be found. It is true, that neither of these two Sources of Eucharistic Hymns have been drawn from to the extent to which they might, possibly, have been made to contribute. Still, there are many Poems thus collected, which have either attained temporary notice and have then been forgotten, or have been printed in Volumes, the scarceness of which, at the present day, proves that they are now but little known, but which many, it is believed, will be glad to possess in a more accessible, as well as more permanent form. There are however, doubtless, many more single or fugitive Hymns or Poems of this description which might have been added, and have been overlooked; and I shall feel it to be a kindness, if those, who feel disposed, will take the trouble to draw my atten-

tion to any such Verses, published during the last thirty or forty years.

In addition to these reprints, there are many Hymns in the following pages which are neither forgotten nor scarce. And *Lyra Eucharistica* is indebted to several Collections of the present day for some of the most beautiful of its Poems. The only difficulty in the selection was to know where to stop, or what to abstain from taking, where permission was kindly given to choose. But in a Collection which aimed to a certain extent at completeness, it was thought wise to admit many Hymns well known and deservedly appreciated, which otherwise it would have been needless to reprint.

To these two classes of modern Hymns and Verses has been added another, that of original and unpublished Poems. And this is a distinction where a distinction is not needless. For whilst *Lyra Eucharistica* contains several Original Hymns, written expressly (and with much kindness) for this Work, it also contains many which, although hitherto unpublished, were not written expressly for it. It is perhaps not strange, that in the present wide-spread teaching of the true Doctrine of the Holy Communion, and in the consequent revived dignity and honour in which It is esteemed, and the care and frequency with which It is celebrated, the minds of many, who are capable of it, should find relief from

devotion and meditation on the Mystery of the Holy Eucharist, in poetic composition. Such, however, is the fact: and it needed only the knowledge that such a Collection of Poems as *Lyra Eucharistica* was contemplated, to produce, from many quarters, Hymns, written it may be long ago, which have been, with much courtesy, placed at my disposal. Here, again, it is possible that some Readers may feel inclined to communicate with me, with a view, at some future time, of publishing Additional Hymns to the present Volume. I shall be very grateful for, and will give every consideration to, such communications.

This is the second object with which *Lyra Eucharistica* was printed; and, as far as regards unprinted Verses, the result has been this, that six or seven-and-twenty original or unpublished Hymns have been added to our formerly but scanty stock of Poems on the Blessed Sacrament. And all of these, I have to acknowledge with gratitude, are due to the kindness and courtesy of known or unknown friends.

In addition to Hymns from the Sources indicated above, there have been added several Hymns of much beauty from the German, both new translations, and reprints of former translations. Hymns of German Origin are generally full of devotional beauty; and I only regret that *Lyra Eucharistica* possesses so few specimens of Communion Hymns from that Source. The paucity of translations,

however, of Hymns on the Holy Communion, which has been observed in the case of ancient and mediæval Hymns, is equally apparent in that of Hymns from the German. For whilst *Sacred Hymns from the German*, by Miss Cox, contains but a single Eucharistic Hymn, Miss Winkworth's *Lyra Germanica* possesses only seven Hymns out of about 225 (in both series), and the volume published under the title of *Hymns from the Land of Luther* has only one Poem specially on the subject of Holy Communion: all of which translations have been kindly placed at my disposal, and most of which will be found below. There will also be found nine or ten new translations, by friends, from the German, which have not previously been published.

Lastly, scattered through the Collection, there are Hymns and Verses, original, newly translated, and reprinted, which, although they are not directly Eucharistic in character, are indirectly connected with the Doctrine of Sacrifice which is involved in the Holy Communion, or may be made to bear an Eucharistic signification. For these too, I owe many thanks to several Contributors; and it is hoped that these miscellaneous Hymns, whilst not out of harmony with the subject-matter of the Volume, will tend to prevent too much sameness in its treatment.

Thus I have endeavoured to combine Hymns ancient and modern, and by the mutual contrast

to enhance the relative value of both. I venture to have my own private opinion on the respective merits and beauty of the two classes of Hymns, to which it would be uncourteous in the presence of ancient translated Hymns and modern original ones—and both at the hands of friends—to give expression. But the union of the two will be beneficial to both. The subjective devotion and tenderness of modern Hymns, will be strengthened by the definite Theological statements of those of ancient and mediæval origin; and the systematic Theology and the enunciation of the highest objective Truths in the old Hymns, will be softened and brought home to the inner consciousness by the contemplative elements in the new. In addition to this double benefit, monotony and sameness will be avoided, which could hardly fail to result from a Collection of Hymns on the Holy Communion from any one single Source: whilst, in the case of *Lyra Eucharistica*, additional variety is ensured by the introduction of miscellaneous Hymns, not out of harmony with those with which they come in contact.

I have now to express my sincere gratitude to all the many friends who have assisted me in the compilation of *Lyra Eucharistica*. Where all have been kind, it would be invidious to refer to any, unless reference is made, in detail, to all. The names of all those to whom I am indebted will be found below, in the *Index of the Sources*

of the Hymns—of all those, at least, whose names I am at liberty to mention. The remainder are indicated by initial letters. And I beg that all will be so good as to accept individually, the thankful acknowledgments which are thus made collectively: for my best thanks are due to those who have helped me either as Authors, with their talents, in the original portions of the Book, or with their kind permission, in the case of those Hymns which have been reprinted: or as Publishers, with their generous leave to make use of their literary property.

In all cases, where it was either practicable or needful, and in many in which it was not necessary, I have obtained permission from those concerned to reprint the Hymns which are now republished. Such a course, I conceive to be only courteous; whilst the breach of it involves the breach of a principle—intrinsically—of honesty, which in these days sometimes leads to disagreeable contingencies. At the same time, I cannot but express an opinion—whilst fully allowing the legal right of either Publisher or Author to refuse permission, and also admitting my deep obligations and debt of gratitude to those who with liberal generosity have aided me in this Compilation—that Devotional Literature, be it prose or poetry, is the common heritage of a common Christianity, and that they are to be reprehended who would throw obstacles in the way of a wider circulation

of a form of words, which tends to make men more holy and just and good. Of course there are limits even to religious poaching for the benefit of Souls; and I am aware that my view is in opposition to the mercantile view of the case. I may now, however, venture to say, without the chance of being mistaken, with regard to the Hymns now first published in this Collection, that they are copyright : and I may add, at the request of a Contributor, that permission to reprint any of the original Hymns must be made to myself. At the worst, such an announcement will be regarded as the result of pardonable vanity on behalf of the contributions of friends.

All the Hymns which have been reprinted in the following pages, have been reprinted *verbatim*, except in a few instances of adaptation, which have been duly acknowledged. Into the question of the morality of altering the Hymns of others, I will not enter. In the case of living Authors, there appears to be only one alternative to be adopted—either to obtain permission or to abstain from altering. In the case of Hymns to be used in Divine Worship, in one generation, which were the offspring of a former, it seems desirable to relax the sterner principle. Of late, it has been the fashion to decry all alteration. I apprehend this to be a mistake. Only a Collector knows the pang which results from a decision to omit some beautiful Hymn from a Collection, on account of some trivial mistake in taste or fault in

rhyme, which a stroke of the pen would remedy, or restore to accordance with the wonted vocabulary of the day. Such self-command I have had to exercise ; at the same time, I must allow, (to anticipate criticism) that I am conscious of some things I would see otherwise, in the present Collection. But as this Volume was not compiled with a view to defy critical acumen, and as it does not aspire to poetic infallibility, but was prepared with a view to Religious and Devotional edification, I have been the less careful to exercise a rigid censorship in this particular. Still, I have not added some Hymns, which I would gladly have added ; and I have not considered the omission of verses or stanzas to deserve the lash administered to those, who undertake to improve upon the compositions of their friends. Those who use the lash, however, should consider the temptation—and should apply it accordingly. On this subject, I have only to add, that as a rule, the Hymns in this Volume are not meant for public worship, nor for singing. Some of the Verses, it is true, are intended for both purposes ; and some have either had music set to them, or have themselves been written for music.

Nothing, it is maintained, has been printed in *Lyra Eucharistica* which is not in accordance with the Teaching of the Church of England, on the Mystery which forms the subject of the Collection. This is no place for controversy ; but it appears

to me, that we are differently placed with reference to those with whom we have the misfortune to differ, and between which, Ecclesiastically, we find ourselves placed. And whilst I have no hesitation to use the words of those with whom I agree substantially on the Doctrine of the Real Presence, and rejoice to be allowed to do so, be they in what Branch of the Church they may ; it seems to me, on the other hand, to be unreal to employ a form of words, which, though in sound they can be subscribed, yet in essence are not intended to convey the meaning which they may be made to bear. Hence, I have reluctantly omitted many beautiful Hymns. But if the opportunity is afforded, I should rejoice to be able to include the Verses to which I refer, amongst the Additional Hymns which are alluded to above. The Hymns translated from the German stand, Theologically, upon a different footing. But even if it be insisted that their insertion is inconsistent, I shall claim an exception on behalf of the few that are printed, which are not of German Catholic origin ; whilst, to prevent mistake, I may state that, to my mind, the scruples in the use of Hymns by those of different Creeds, which I have expressed, only refer to compositions on subjects wherein opposing Doctrines are brought into collision, such as the subject of the Holy Communion. On other subjects, I should be sorry to deny myself the benefit to be derived from a good Hymn, simply because

it was written by one with whom I was unable, dogmatically, to agree.

In the event of *Lyra Eucharistica* proving a success, in a business point of view, the Publishers are willing to issue a sister Volume, compiled upon the same principles as the present work—with this difference, that I should wish to be allowed to add Hymns and Verses from the Sources which I have felt myself debarred from using on the present occasion. The reason to which I have referred would not hold good in the case of a selection of Hymns on the Life of our Blessed LORD; and though I do not apprehend there will be a large proportion of Hymns from other Sources, than those from which this work is drawn, yet, it is proposed to admit of a somewhat wider latitude in the compilation. The title suggested for the future Collection is *Lyra Messianica*; and the subject-matter of the Hymns will be the leading Events and chief Mysteries in the Life of CHRIST, arranged in accordance with the sequence of the Seasons and Festivals of the Church. I have already collected much material for the proposed publication; and if these lines reach the eye of any who feel disposed to help me carry it into effect, either with translations from the Latin, Greek, German, or other languages, or with original pieces, or again with formerly printed Verses, I shall be greatly obliged for such assistance. And I may state, roughly and in outline, that the scope of the pro-

posed Collection will be as follows, and that *Lyra Messianica*, if I am allowed to publish it, will contain Hymns, amongst others, on the Advent of our Blessed LORD, the Annunciation, the Nativity, the Epiphany, the Holy Childhood, perhaps on the Ministry, on the Passion, Crucifixion, and Entombment, the Resurrection, the Forty Days after, and the Ascension, and possibly on the glorified Life in Heaven, and the Second Advent.

The Hymns in *Lyra Eucharistica* have been arranged according to the fivefold Division into which the English Office for the Holy Communion is divisible. In many cases this division is arbitrary. But it was thought better to attempt some arrangement, even an imperfect one, than to print the Hymns under no system; and to arrange them according to their subject-matter, as far as possible, rather than in their chronological order, or under the headings of their Authors' or Translators' names. The Altar Office has ever been divisible into five Ritualistic portions; and although the Office in the Book of Common Prayer has received several additions to, and has suffered from many transpositions in its component parts, from its earlier and purer form, yet these five Divisions can still be distinctly traced. The Introduction reaches from the beginning of the Office to the Creed. Then follows the Oblation, which includes the Offering of the Elements, and the collection of the Alms, and reaches to

Prayer of Humble Access. Thirdly, comes the sacred Act of Consecration, or the Canon, as it was anciently termed. After that, the Communion of the People follows: and the Office is concluded with the Thanksgiving. Now the first and last Divisions of the Office are easily supplied with Hymns; for many of the Eucharistic Hymns were composed for use either in Preparation for, or in Thanksgiving after the Blessed Sacrament. In the Part entitled the Consecration, it was thought well that the majority of the Hymns should be from ancient or mediæval Sources. The difficulty of arrangement is therefore chiefly confined to the second and fourth Parts. And in these two Divisions, German Hymns and reprinted ones have been combined with original Verses and translations from the Latin or Greek, in such a manner as to produce the least amount of sameness in the combination.

I am responsible, not only for the arrangement of the Hymns, but also for the Titles and for the selection of the Texts at the head of most of the Poems. Many, both of the Texts and the Titles of those Hymns that are reprinted, are reproduced from the Sources whence they are derived; but many also are new selections. The translations have been made on no one system. The Collection contains specimens of many kinds of rendering: and literal versions have been placed side by side with those that are freer in translation,

and which seek to convey the sense of the original, rather in corresponding, than in absolutely equivalent terms. As a rule, duplicate translations of the same Hymns have not been inserted ; but in a few cases this rule has been relaxed in favour of some Verses in very different styles of rendering.

I must apologise for this egotistical and lengthy Preface. As it is the only portion of *Lyra Eucharistica* I contribute—although the pleasure of collecting and arranging the whole Volume has been mine—perhaps some excuse may be made for both faults. At least the Reader has the remedy in his own hands, and may proceed at once to the main portion of the Book—a course, of which I certainly shall not complain.

ORBY SHIPLEY.

S. Barnabas' Day,
A. D. 1863.





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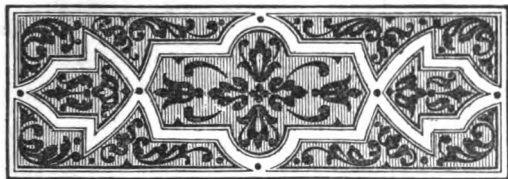
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ERRATA.

- Page xxxv, last line, *for* "206" *read* "207."
- Page 110, line 5, *for* "Behold" *read* "Behold!"
- Page 110, line 8, *for* "this earthly Germ" *read* "the earthly Sum."
- Page 122, line 15, *for* "humbling" *read* "trembling."
- Page 126, lines 8, 12, and 14, *for* "Hail!" "Hail!" *and* "Thou" *read in each* "O."
- Page 144, *instead of* lines 5 and 6 *read*
"Ransom, Guide, Redemption free,
Now our Satisfaction be."
- Page 173, line 14, *for* "befitting" *read* "be fitting."
- Page 207, last line but 5, *for* "Victory" *read* "Victor."
- Page 232, line 19, *for* "Gift" *read* "Gifts."
- Index of Sources*, No. 60, *add* "Based on a translation in *The Priest to the Altar*, a privately printed Manual for Holy Communion."
- Ditto, No. 118, *for* "Unknown" *read* "Based on a Hymn of C. Wesley, 1745, by an unknown writer."
- Ditto, No. 164, *add* "The original Sequence is printed in the *Ecclesiologist*, vol. xix. 1858."

Lyra Eucharistica.



Hymns and Verses on the Holy Communion.

PART I.

THE PREPARATION.

An Ancient Eucharistic Hymn.

Quo me, DEUS, amore.



Y GOD, what lack I more when
Thou dost bless?

Deep calleth untodeep when Thou
Bendest from Heav'n o'er my un-
worthiness

Hastening to pay its vow ;
For me 'Thou comest to Thy Altar holy,
For me—O Love beyond all ken—
Priest of the Most High God, yet Victim lowly,
Giver, yet Gift to men.

B

The Preparation.

Here no slain beasts, nor birds of air are resting,
 Not with earth's fruits the Soul is fed,
 But Sweets of Paradise, Thy Love attesting,
 Here are full lavishèd ;
 With love for that vast Love, with strong self-
 loathing
 Thee in this Sacrament we hail ;
 Thee we do worship, clothed in that poor Clothing,
 Veiled in that lowly Veil.

Farewell then all ! The Lamb's blest Supper
 waiteth ;
 Farewell then all I loved before !
 Farewell, farewell for aye ! my heart repeateth,
 Ye have my heart no more :
 O Bethlehem, whence springs the Bread of
 Heaven,
 O Jordan, whence is Drink Divine,
 Not earthly husks, nor Abana's wave be given,
 Only my LORD be mine.

Sweet is the grape in fair Engaddi's valley,
 Sweet was the Manna sent to bless
 The weary fainting people, wandering daily
 In the great wilderneys ;
 But Thou, O Flour of Wheat, O Vine of Glad-
 ness,
 Only for Thee I thirst. Do Thou
 Come to Thy lowliest Graft and cheer his sadness,
 So shall he pay his vow.

The Precious Blood.

Viva! Viva! GESU, che per mio bene.



AIL, JESUS, hail ! Who for my sake,
Sweet BLOOD from Mary's Veins didst
take,

And shed It all for me ;
Oh, blessed by my SAVIOUR's BLOOD,
My Life, my Light, my only Good,
To all Eternity.

To endless ages let us praise
The Precious BLOOD, Whose Price could raise
The world from wrath and sin ;
Whose Streams our inward thirst appease,
And heal the sinner's worst disease,
If he but bathe therein.

O Sweetest BLOOD, that can implore
Pardon of GOD, and Heaven restore,
The Heaven which sin had lost ;
While Abel's blood for vengeance pleads,
What JESUS sheds still intercedes
For those who wrong Him most.

Oh, to be sprinkled from the wells
Of CHRIST's own Sacred BLOOD, excels
Earth's best and highest bliss ;

The Preparation.

The ministers of Wrath Divine
Hurt not the happy hearts that shine
With those red Drops of His.

Ah, there is joy amid the Saints,
And Hell's despairing courage faints
When this sweet song we raise ;
Oh, louder then, and louder still,
Earth with one mighty chorus fill,
The Precious BLOOD to praise.

Conformity of the human Will to the Will Divine.

Hier ist mein Herz.

MY SON, GIVE ME THINE HEART.



HERE is my heart—my GOD, I give it
Thee ;

I heard Thee call and say—
Not to the world, My Child, but unto
Me—

I heard, and will obey :
Here is love's offering to my King,
Which in glad sacrifice I bring—
Here is my heart.

Here is my heart—surely the gift, though poor,
My GOD will not despise ;
Vainly and long I sought to make it pure
To meet Thy searching Eyes ;

Corrupted first in Adam's fall,
The stains of sin pollute it all—
My guilty heart.

Here is my heart—my heart so hard before,
Now by Thy Grace made meet,
Yet bruised and wearied it can only pour
Its anguish at Thy Feet :
It groans beneath the weight of sin,
It sighs Salvation's joy to win—
My mourning heart.

Here is my heart—in CHRIST my longings end,
Near to His Crofs it draws ;
It says—Thou art my portion, O my Friend,
Thy BLOOD my Ransom was :
And in the SAVIOUR it has found
What blessedness and peace abound—
My trusting heart.

Here is my heart—Ah, HOLY SPIRIT, come
Its nature to renew,
And consecrate it wholly to Thy home
A temple fair and true :
Teach it to love and serve Thee more,
To fear Thee, trust Thee, and adore—
My cleansed heart.

Here is my heart—it trembles to draw near
The Glory of Thy Throne :
Give it the shining Robe Thy servants wear
Of Righteousness Thine Own :

The Preparation.

Its pride and folly chase away,
And all its vanity, I pray—
My humbled heart.

Here is my heart—teach it, O LORD, to cling
In gladness unto Thee ;
And in the day of sorrow still to sing—
Welcome, my GOD's decree ;
Believing all its journey through
That Thou art Wise, and Just, and True—
My waiting heart.

Here is my heart—O Friend of friends be near
To make each tempter fly ;
And when my latest foe I wait with fear
Give me the victory :
Gladly on Thy Love reposing,
Let me say when life is closing—
Here is my heart.

Draw near with Faith.

*Let us draw near with a true heart, in full
assurance of faith.*



UNTO Thy holy Altar, LORD,
Our heads and hearts bowed low,
Where Thou art most to be adored,
We come Thy Grace to know.
Wearied and wounded in our strife
With Satan and with sin,

Preparation for Holy Communion. 7

We come to Thee, the Bread of Life,
New strength and hope to win.

We do not ask how it can be,
That Thou Thyself shouldst give
Into our hands and hearts ; but we
Receive Thee there, and live.
Oh, dwell within us when we turn
Back on our earthly way,
And may we, by Thy Presence, learn
To love Thee more each day.

A Prayer in Preparation for the Holy Communion, of the xv. Century.

Salve! Saluberrima.



AIL! Thou, Who from Heaven on high
Health to all sickness bearest ;
Hail! Unto the darkened eye
Thou of all light the fairest.

Hail! Desire which life transcends
Of all Thy Saints departed ;
Hail! Who to Thy loving friends
Art e'er the Loving-hearted.

Hail! Thou Bread of Angels blest,
Most sweet and ever-precious ;
Hail! Who with Divinest taste
Dost in Thy Paths refresh us.

The Preparation.

Thou in very truth art He,
Whom my whole Soul desireth ;
GOD and MAN I worship Thee,
To Thee my faith aspireth.

When in conscience or in thought
Guilt or dark error dwelleth,
Faith, by Thy dear Presence brought,
All gloom and woe dispelleth.

Make me all the fervour feel
Of that Thy Fire Divineſt ;
Now Thyſelf unſeen reveal,
Who e'er in ſecret ſhineſt.

Let the clouds, which dim my Soul,
Before Thy genial Splendour,
Hence away far diſtant roll,
And leave it pure and tender.

Come, O CHRIST, King ever bleſt,
Come, Thou our Conſolation,
In my heart a welcome Gueſt
Fix Thy glad habitation.

May that golden ſhaft of Love,
Which once ſo deeply ſmote Thee,
And from Heaven, Thy Throne above,
Into this ſad world brought Thee,

Preparation for Holy Communion. 9

Wound anew Thy tender Heart,
That Thou in Glory reigning,
Mayst to me Thy SELF impart,
From all Thy Wrath refraining.

Here Thy blessed sojourn make,
Fragrance and Joy diffusing ;
Rest in my sad bosom take,
Therein Thy mansion choos'ing.

GOD of Love and Clemency,
Now to Thyself unite me ;
And, transgressor though I be,
Ne'er in displeasure slight me.

LORD, of Thee this Gift I claim,
For this one Mercy pleading ;
For Thine ever-blessed Name,
For that Thy Love exceeding,

Which erst made Thee deign to be
Of our frail flesh partaker ;
With Grace and Kindness visit me
Thy servant, O my Maker.

Choose me for thy dwelling-place
O GOD of my Salvation ;
Fold my heart in Thine Embrace,
Sweet Guest, take here Thy station.

The Preparation.

Think not how I am, with Thee,
A vile and weak transgressor ;
Rather how, made MAN, for me,
Thou art an Intercessor.

By that mighty Love which moved
Thee on that Crofs ascending,
When thereon Thy Limbs beloved
Thou wast meekly bending ;

So with loving kind Embrace
Cast now Thine Arms around me ;
And by the bounties of Thy Grace
Give proof that I have found Thee.

Hither come with joyful speed,
Oh, haste Thee here to meet me ;
Give Thyself to me indeed
A sinner, I entreat Thee.

A Prayer to the Lord Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

*My Soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the
Courts of the LORD.*



ORD, to Thine Altar let me go,
The child of weariness and woe,
My Home to find ;
From sin, and sense, and self set free,

A Prayer to the Lord Jesus.

11

Absorbed alone in love to Thee,
Able to leave in liberty
This world behind.

JESUS, be Thou my Heavenly Food,
Sweet Source Divine of every Good,
Centre of Rest ;
One with Thy Heart let me be found,
Prostrate upon that holy Ground,
Where Grace, and Peace, and Life abound,
Drawn from Thy Breast.

There let me lean, and live, and lie,
As fast the fleeting moments fly,
Sands in a glass,
Which Time may shake with restless hand,
Yet only at Thine Own Command,
Till to a dearer, happier Land,
My Soul shall pass.

Then, then unveiled wilt Thou appear
To those, who walking with Thee here,
These wilds have trod,
In faith, that with the Cherubim,
The Saints, and Hosts of Seraphim,
They too may join th' eternal Hymn
To Thee, O GOD.

The Preparation.

The Morning of Reception.

*Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that
Bread and drink of that Cup.*



IT is a day of fear :

Rise up betimes, go forth alone
With tongue fast sealed and heart bowed
down,

Because Thy LORD is near.

Leave not thy thoughts to roam
Hither and thither, where they would ;
Lest fretful cares on thee should crowd,
Forgetful of thy Home.

Let not thine eye go free ;
Look on the earth beneath thy feet,
The pit that for thy sins was meet,
Had GOD been just with thee.

Bethink thee of thy sin ;
A stifling cloud, a festering sore,
A rotting canker at the core,
That gnaws thy heart within.

Good art thou to the sight ;
But would thy cheek be dry as now,
As gay thy smile, as bright thy brow,
If all were brought to light ?

Yet, not in gloomy sadness
Be thy heart bowed and eye down cast ;
Is not the night of sorrow past ?
Is't not a morn of gladness ?

Think on the Holy Feast,
On His dear Love and gracious Name
Who sanctifies Himself, the same
Both Sacrifice and Priest.

Go, and be One with Him ;
Dwell thou in Him, and He in thee,
Him freely love Who sets thee free,
Though but in shadow dim.

For, it shall not be so
In that great Day, when faithful Souls,
Whom flesh doth sway and sin controls,
As they are known shall know :

To be for ever One
With Him, Whom with the FATHER High,
And SPIRIT, Angels tremblingly
Adore as GOD alone.

Bless, LORD, Thy Child, oh, bless ;
Strengthen my weakness ; soothe my grief ;
Forgive and help mine unbelief ;
Restore my faithlessness.

The Preparation.

To GOD, Whom all adore,
The FATHER, SON, and COMFORTER,
Who is before all creatures were,
Be Glory evermore.

An Ancient Communion Hymn.

Salve, festa Dies !



AIL, festal Day ! for evermore adored,
The Virgin Church salutes her Bride-
groom LORD.

Hail, festal Day !

This is GOD'S Palace, House of Peace and Health,
Here the poor enter to their FATHER'S Wealth.

Hail, festal Day !

David's SON is here—Who hath made us kin
To GOD and man, these Mother walls within.

Hail, festal Day !

Ye are the wedded Band, the nuptial Ring,
If keeping truth, your Heavenly Troth ye bring.

Hail, festal Day !

Here new Jerusalem descendeth bright,
Fresh deck'd with jewels from the Halls of Light.

Hail, festal Day !

The Sacred Humanity of Jesus. 15

Here fruits of Faith, that spring from holy Love,
The King of Justice waters from above.

Hail, festal Day !

This, David's Tower of Strength—Oh, run with
speed,

Here shalt thou find the Pledge of Heaven indeed.

Hail, festal Day !

This is GOD's Ark, that, while the faithful roam,
Bears them o'er trembling waters safely Home.

Hail, festal Day !

The Sacred Humanity of Jesus the Principle of Eternal Life.

Mein JESU, der du vor dem Scheiden.



LORD, Who on that last sad eve,
Ere Thou didst die to save our race,
Fruits of Thy painful Death didst leave,
In this New-cov'nant Meal of Grace ;

For this, of all Thy Gifts the best,
Thy Holy Name be praised and blest.

New Life, from Thy Life-giving BLOOD,

This Sacramental Cup bestows ;

We take and eat this hallow'd Food

In memory of Thy dying Woes ;

Thy Wounds, Thy Crofs, Thy bitter Pain,

Our thoughts recall them all again.

The Preparation.

We hail an added Sign and Seal
Anew on burdened hearts impressed,
That Thy deep Wounds our wound can heal:
Thy Love has set our fears at rest,
Cancelled the debt we could not pay,
Torn up and thrown the bond away.

The cords more closely here we tie,
That faithful Souls with Thee unite ;
The flame of Love mounts up on high,
And rules with all-subduing might :
The Grace such sacred hours afford,
Makes us more one with Thee, O LORD.

Through that new Strength Thy BODY gives,
That quick'ning Power Thy BLOOD imparts,
The failing inner Life revives,
In guests who have believing hearts :
With fresh resolve, once more begin
The work of Faith, the strife with sin.

With all Thy Members, CHRIST, our Head,
We cherish thus Communion sweet ;
To drink One Cup, to eat One Bread,
Renders our Union more complete :
One Heart, one Soul, unite our band
Possessors of this Cov'nant land.

Thy FLESH a solemn Pledge conveys,
That our weak flesh, though here it dies,

A Sequence of the xvi. Century. 17

Like herbs brought forth by dews and rays,
A glorious body shall arise ;
And when this pilgrim state is o'er,
Shall live with Thee for evermore.

O LAMB of GOD, such precious Gifts
Are in this holy Banquet stored,
The Soul from earth to Heav'n it lifts
In faith to feed at this Thy Board :
How high the Feast, the gain how vast,
Where Thou Thyself art our Repast.

A Sequence of the xvi. Century.

Hodiernæ Lux diei.



HE sun that lights this happy day
For risen man on toil intent,
For us lights up a surer ray,
Renews the Holy Sacrament,
Where ever contrite Love hath place,
A healing Balm, a quickening Grace.

To-day th' eternal Promise comes,
Th' eternal Hand is open spread,
We scarcely looked for falling Crumbs,
We win the children's Pilgrim-Bread ;
As Bread of old from Heav'n was sent,
He comes, a Gift most excellent.

c

The Preparation.

That was the bread which Moses gave
 The tribes in Sinai's wilderness,
 Fruit of a Law which could not save—
 This is the Bread of Angels ; This
 He gave, Who sits upon Heav'n's Throne,
 At His Last Supper to His Own.

Hast thou a Spirit pure and free
 In yearnings, hating nought but sin ?
 Life of the world yet giv'n for thee,
 This Bread renews the heart within ;
 Vain such a Mystery to show
 Are eyes. Have Faith—and thou shalt know.

Hail ! Bread Immortal, Hail ! Sweet Food,
 Sweet unto those Thou feedest thus ;
 Hail ! Everlasting LAMB, Whose BLOOD
 Is our Salvation. Come to us ;
 We thirst ; we tremble ; we implore
 Thy Grace. Oh, feed us evermore.

A Processional Hymn.

The LORD shall suddenly come to His Temple.



IN the Name of GOD the FATHER,
 In the Name of GOD the SON,
 In the Name of GOD the SPIRIT,
 ONE in THREE, and THREE in ONE,

A Processional Hymn.

19

In the Name Which highest Angels
Speak not ere they veil their face,
Crying—HOLY, HOLY, HOLY,
Come we to this sacred Place.

Lo, in wondrous Condescension,
JESUS seeks His Altar-throne ;
Though in lively Symbols hidden,
Faith and Love His Presence own :
When the LORD His Temple visits,
Let the list'ning earth be still ;
May the SPIRIT's sweet Indwelling
Each believing heart fulfil.

Here, in Figure represented,
See the Passion once again ;
Here, behold, the LAMB most Holy,
As for our Redemption slain ;
Here the SAVIOUR's BODY broken,
Here the BLOOD Which JESUS shed—
Mystic Food of Life Eternal—
See, for our Refreshment spread.

Here shall highest praise be offered,
Here shall meekest prayer be poured,
Here with Body, Soul, and Spirit,
GOD Incarnate be adored :
Holy JESU, for Thy Coming,
May Thy Love our hearts prepare ;
Thine we fain would have them wholly,
Enter, LORD, and tarry there.

The Preparation.

The Holy Feast.

Come, for all things are now ready.



O, the Feast is spread to-day,
 JESUS summons, come away
 From the vanity of life,
 From the sounds of mirth or strife,
 To the Feast by JESUS given,
 Come and taste the Bread of Heaven.

Why, with proud excuse and vain,
 Spurn His Mercy once again?
 From amidst life's social ties,
 From the farm and merchandise,
 Come, for all is now prepared;
 Freely given, be freely shared.

Blessed are the lips that taste
 Our Redeemer's Marriage-feast;
 Blessed, who on Him shall feed,
 Bread of Life, and Drink indeed;
 Blessed, for their thirst is o'er;
 They shall never hunger more.

Make them once again your choice;
 Hear to-day His calling Voice:
 Servants, do your Master's Will;
 Bidden Guests, His Table fill;
 Come, before His Wrath shall swear—
 Ye shall never enter there.

An Exhortation to the Soul to receive the
Body of her Lord, of the xv. Century.

Eia, dulcis Anima.

HASTE my Soul, thou sister sweet,
Who all my being sharest,
For thy Spouse a chamber meet
Now see that thou preparest;
For a kind and gentle Guest
To visit thee intendeth:
All that Heaven hath fair and best,
To greet thee condescendeth.

He, Whose Presence e'er imparts
A Joy which passeth measure,
He, Whose Friendship on all hearts
Bestoweth boundless pleasure,
Would possess this breast of thine,
With Thee His Sojourn making,
With thee at thy Board recline,
With Thee His Supper taking.

Arise, and run to meet Thy LORD,
E'en now His Steps are near thee;
Thine heart a hallowed shrine afford
For Him to dwell and cheer thee;
Oh, hold Him fast in Thine embrace,
Let Him go from Thee never,
Till with the fulness of His Grace,
He blest thee, here and ever.

The Ceaseless Intercession of Christ.

*This MAN hath an unchangeable Priesthood . . . seeing
He ever liveth to make Intercession for them.*



FATHER of Love, Who didst not spare
For us Thine Only Son,
Oh, look on Him, and hear the prayer
Of Thy poor suppliant one—

Behold His pierced Hands and Feet,
Pleading for us e'en now ;
Behold that wounded Heart so sweet ;
Behold, upon His Brow

The traces of the thorny Crown ;
Behold the stripes He bore ;
By these, He claims us for His Own—
His Own, for evermore.

Oh, look on Him, and let the Cry
Of this our Brother's BLOOD,
Who, Guiltless, for our guilt did die,
Ascend to Thee our GOD.

It sues for Pardon and for Peace
For each unworthy Son,
For Mercy, and restoring Grace—
Wilt Thou refuse the Boon ?

Ceaseless Intercession of Christ. 23

Wilt Thou refuse His Love, His Toil,
The one Reward they crave ?
Shall His most deadly foe despoil
The Souls He died to save ?

Far be it from Thee, FATHER Sweet ;
Nor wilt Thou turn away
When by Those Merits we entreat,
When in that Name we pray ;

For this is Thy Beloved SON,
In Whom Thou art well pleased ;
Who for the sins that we had done
Thine Anger just appeased.

Clothed in His Raiment we appear,
Kneeling before His Throne,
Besprinkled with that BLOOD so dear
The Garment Thou wilt own.

And for Its sake, the sinner vile
Thus made Thy wedding Guest
E'en such an one as her, erewhile
By seven fiends possessed.

No depths of sin can drown that Love,
No water quench its fire :
Desponding Soul, arise, and prove
Its Might, its strong Desire :

The Preparation.

Come, yea in lowliest confidence,
 Approach in JESU's Name :
 Greater His Love than all offence—
 FATHER, that Love we claim.

Bending before Thine Altar low,
 We offer It to Thee :
 The purest Offering earth can know,
 Or Heaven look down to see.

FATHER of Mercies, we draw near
 In Thy Beloved SON :
 Oh, look on Him, and hear the prayer
 Of Thy poor suppliant one.

The Fountain opened for Sin.

*In that day there shall be a Fountain opened for sin and
 for uncleanness.*



HERE is a Fountain filled with BLOOD,
 Drawn from IMMANUEL's Veins,
 And sinners plunged beneath that Flood
 Lose all their guilty stains.
 No taint of Adam's fallen race,
 No blot of crimson dye,
 Can pass uncleansed that Fount of Grace,
 Or JESU's Love defy.

Prayer and Sacrifice.

25

JESUS, the FATHER's only SON,
The Heaven's Eternal King,
Our nature took, our pardon won,
And drew from Death his sting.
For ever from His wounded Side
Flow Streams of endless Life,
And thence, with holy Strength supplied,
We conquer in the strife.

Dear Dying LAMB, Thy Precious BLOOD
Shall never lose Its Power,
Till all the ransomed Church of GOD
Are saved for evermore.
For this Thy vast redeeming Love,
Most Holy TRINITY,
From Saints on earth and Saints above
Eternal praise to Thee.

Prayer and Sacrifice.

*In every place Incense shall be offered unto Me, and a
pure Offering.*

We have an Altar.



H, weak are my best thoughts, and poor
Is all that I can say ;
Whether I lift my voice in praise,
Or kneel me down to pray.

The Preparation.

Wherefore I thank Thee, Gracious LORD,
Whose Love provides for me
A higher, and more perfect way
Of drawing nigh to Thee—

The Way of Sacrifice—ordained
When earth was in its prime,
Used by the hoary Patriarchs
All through the olden time.

To Israel's Children in the Law
Of trembling Sinai given ;
To us in later days confirmed
By CHRIST Himself from Heaven.

O sweet ecstatic thought, 'tis mine
To offer, as of yore,
A Sacrifice, and One in Power
Excelling all before.

For me, upon an Altar fair,
Is pleaded, day by day,
The BODY and the BLOOD of Him
Whom Heaven and earth obey.

For me is immolated still,
Again and yet again,
In the pure Host, the Very LAMB
On Calvary's Altar slain.

Ancient Hymn of the 11. Century. 27

And as the scarcely buoyant plank,
Knit in the vessel's side,
With ease careers across the waves
O'er leagues of ocean wide,

So, too, though weak my prayer, O LORD,
Though poor my praises be,
Yet, knit with this high Sacrifice,
They win their way to Thee.

An Ancient Hymn of the 11. Century.

Electum O Frumentum.



HOLY Wheat elected,
When wilt Thou come to me ?
Stay of my heart dejected,
It would Thy Temple be.
E'en as Thy Will hath spoken
It lies beneath Thee broken ;
Oh, when, oh, when the token
That it hath Thee ?

Keen be my faith and steady,
Far be all stain of sin ;
O GOD, my heart is ready,
O JESU, enter in.
Shall my love fail ? Oh, never ;
This be my one endeavour,
Here be Thy rest for ever,
Grant I may win.

Eucharistic Precept and Prayer.

This do in Remembrance of Me.

LORD, remember me when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom.



UNTO Thy Feast with heart deep hushed,
And lowly bended knee,
As Thou commandedst, Blessed **LORD**,
I come, remembering Thee.

With thankfulness that weeps its joy,
I listen tremblingly,
Unto the Words of Love Divine—
My **BLOOD** was shed for thee,

My **BODY** given—**JESU**, **LORD**,
Through all I fly to Thee ;
In life, in death, at every hour
Do Thou remember me.

Grant Thou me Food to stay my Soul,
That I in Thee may live ;
Till I have left this mortal strife
Vouchsafe that Food to give.

When fought the fight, and kept the faith,
Death comes to set me free,
Receive me, **JESU**, let me in ;
In Love remember me.

A Hymn of Angelus, of the xviii. Century.

Liebe die du mich so milde.



LOVE, Who formedst me to wear
The Image of Thy GODHEAD here ;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wanderings wild and
drear ;

O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, Who ere life's earliest dawn
Thy choice on me hath gently laid ;
O Love, Who here as MAN wast born,
And wholly like to us wast made ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, Who once in time wast slain,
Pierced through and through with bitter woe ;
O Love, Who wrestling thus didst gain,
That we eternal Joy might know ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, of Whom is Truth and Light,
The WORD and SPIRIT, Life and Power,

The Preparation.

Whose Heart was bared to them that smite,
To shield us in our trial hour ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, Who thus hast bound me fast
Beneath that gentle Yoke of Thine ;
Love, Who hast conquered me at last,
And wrapt away this heart of mine ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, Who lovest me for aye,
Who for my Soul dost ever plead ;
O Love, Who didst my Ransom pay,
Whose Power sufficeth in my stead ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, Who once shalt bid me rise,
From out this dying life of ours ;
O Love, Who once o'er yonder skies,
Shall set me in the fadeless bowers ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

The Penitent's Soliloquy and Petition before Holy Communion.

*Come unto Me, all that travail and are heavy laden,
and I will refresh you.*



COME, O LORD, to Thee :

In sad and grievous thought, I hear
Thy Call ;

And I must come, or else from Thee I
fall

Deeper in misery.

I have not sought Thy Face :
And yet, Thou biddest me to taste Thy Love,
Drawing my faithless heart to things above,
By Thy redeeming Grace.

Shame wraps my heart around,
Like morning's gloom upon the mountains spread ;
Indignant memory—Avenger dread—
Deepens each restless wound :

Yet must I come to Thee :
Thou hast the Words of Life, and Thou alone ;
Thou sitt'st upon the Mediator's Throne ;
Where should a sinner flee ?

Nor Saints', nor Angels' will
Could lift the burden from this wounded breast ;
Weary, I come to Thee, and Thou wilt give me
rest,
Thou wilt Thy Words fulfil.

I come to Thee : since all
To Faith is possible, in Faith I come,
As blind, and deaf, and maimed, and halt, and
dumb ;
Before Thy Feet I fall.

Whom didst Thou turn away ?
From what distress was hid Thy pitying Eye ?
What cold rebuke e'er checked the sinner's cry ?
Can I unheeded pray ?

SAVIOUR, oh, come, and save :
Speak but the Word ; Thy Servant shall be whole :
Turn, LORD, and look on me ; quicken my Soul
Out of this living grave.

For Thou art here most nigh :
Strength in this Bread, Refreshment in this Wine
Lie hid ; in earthly things Thy Power Divine,
My sins to crucify.

Enter my opening heart :
Fill it with Love, and Peace, and Light from
Heaven ;
Give me Thyself, for all in Thee is given :
Come, never to depart.

Corpus Christi.

*Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of
the world.*



REJOICE, ye Angels, and thou Church
This day triumphant here below ;
He cometh, in meekest Emblem clad,
Himself He cometh to bestow.

That BODY which thou gavest, O Earth,
He giveth back—that FLESH, that BLOOD,
Born of the Altar's mystic birth,
At once thy Worship and thy Food.

He, Who of old on Calvary bled,
On all thine Altars lies to-day
A bloodless Sacrifice, but dread,
The LAMB in Heaven adored for aye.
His GODHEAD on the Cross He veiled,
His MANHOOD here He veileth too ;
But Faith has eagle eyes unscaled,
And Love to Him she loves is true.

“ I will not leave you orphans. Lo,
While lasts the world with you am I.”
SAVIOUR, we see Thee not, but know,
With burning hearts, that Thou art nigh.

D

He comes. Blue Heaven, thine incense breathe
 O'er all the consecrated sod ;
 And thou, O Earth, with flowers enwreath
 The steps of thine Advancing God.

An Invitation to the Holy Communion.

Kommt herein, ihr lieben Glieder.



FRIENDS in JESUS, now draw near,
 Brothers, sisters, enter here ;
 Filled with humble, glad emotion,
 Bowed in lowly, deep devotion :
 Come, approach the sacred Board,
 'Tis the Supper of the LORD ;
 Where the choicest things of Heaven
 From His loving Heart are given.

He, Who, leaving Throne and Crown,
 To our fallen world came down,
 All our wants and woes to share,
 All our sins and griefs to bear ;
 He, Who journeyed weary years
 In the land of toil and tears,
 Onward to the Cross and Grave
 Hastening, the lost to save ;

He devised this Feast of Love,
 Thus the coldest heart to move,

Invitation to Holy Communion. 35

Thus to bring Himself more near,
Thus to make Himself more dear :
On the sacred Symbols feasting,
All the Love of JESUS tasting,
All the SPIRIT'S Grace and Power,
Oh, the sweetness of the hour.

Who can tell the joy, the bliss,
Of Communion such as this ;
Sink, my Soul, in deep prostration,
Lowly, fervent adoration ;
Earth-bound hearts, at length arise ;
Reason, soar beyond the skies ;
At Thine Altar, LORD, we bend,
Let the fire from Heaven descend.

Hush your anthems, Cherubim ;
Stand astonished, Seraphim ;
Men on earth, your brothers lowly,
Dare to join your " Holy, Holy."
LORD, may Grace imparted here
In our future lives appear :
These have been—let others say—
At the gates of Heaven to-day.

A Prayer before Holy Communion, of the
xv. Century.

Salve! Suavis et Formose.



WEET and Beauteous, hail to Thee!
God, Who so hast loved me,
JESU Gentle, JESU Dear,
When I stand Thine Altar near,
Grant me to be ranked among
Those elect who round Thee throng,
Fill me with Thy fullest Grace.

Hail! O CHRIST, Thou SAVIOUR Blest,
Only Hope of Souls distressed,
Hear, oh, hear me, as I pray,
Purge, O LORD, my guilt away;
And, to baffle Satan's art,
Give me faintlinefs of heart,
Every evil from me chase.

Hail to Thee! O Royal Head,
Which beneath the thorns hast bled,
Marked with spitting and with Gore,
Whence the Hair Thy foemen tore;
Bow down, LORD, Thyself, and hear,
To Thy servant's prayer give ear,
Hearken, O Redeemer mild.

Prayer before Holy Communion. 37

Hail to Thee ! my SAVIOUR's Side,
Whence poured forth the mingled Tide,
When the BLOOD and Water flowed
Where the Spear had made a road ;
In that Fountain wash me, LORD,
Thoroughly cleanse the guilt abhorred
Of my Soul by sin defiled.

Hail ! O Stream, when washed by Thee,
All the world from stain is free,
From a spotless Heart and pure
Thou hast flowed to work our cure :
May the voice of faintly prayer
Rise to CHRIST for me, who dare
Of this Cup to drink to-day.

Hail ! O SON of GOD most High,
What I longed for, now have I ;
Through this precious Gift, once more,
When this life is past and o'er,
Guard me from my cruel foe,
Grant me, LORD, Thy Face to know,
And to dwell with Thee for aye.

Our Daily Bread.

Give us this day our daily Bread.



GIVE us our daily Bread,
O GOD, the Bread of strength;
For we have learnt to know
How weak we are at length:

As children we are weak,
As children must be fed;
Give us Thy Grace, O LORD,
To be our daily Bread.

Give us our daily Bread,
The bitter bread of grief:
We sought earth's poisoned feasts
For pleasure and relief;
We sought her deadly fruits,
But now, O GOD, instead,
We ask Thy healing Grief
To be our daily Bread.

Give us our daily Bread
To cheer our fainting Soul;
The Feast of Comfort, LORD,
And Peace, to make us whole;
For we are sick of tears,
The useless tears we shed;
Now give us Comfort, LORD,
To be our daily Bread.

Give us our daily Bread,
 The Bread of Angels, LORD,
 By us, so many times,
 Broken, betrayed, adored ;
 His BODY and His BLOOD,
 The Feast that JESUS spread ;
 Give Him—our Life, our All—
 To be our daily Bread.

Latus Salvatoris.

*One of the soldiers with a spear pierced His Side, and
 forthwith came thereout BLOOD and Water.*



HERE is an everlasting Home,
 Where contrite Souls may hide ;
 Where death and danger dare not come—
 The SAVIOUR'S Side.

It was a cleft of matchless Love,
 Opened when He had died,
 When Mercy hailed in worlds above
 That wounded Side.

Hail ! Rock of Ages, pierced for me,
 The grave of all my pride ;
 Hope, Peace, and Heaven, are all in Thee,
 Thy sheltering Side.

There issued forth the double Flood,
 The sin-atonement Tide,

The Preparation.

In streams of Water and of BLOOD,
From that dear Side.

There is the only Fount of Blifs,
In joy and sorrow tried ;
No refuge for the heart like this,
A SAVIOUR'S Side.

Thither the Church, through all her days,
Points as a faithful guide,
And celebrates with ceaseless praise,
That spear-pierced Side.

Kyrie Eleison.

HERR JESU CHRISTE, *mein getreuer Hirte.*



ORD JESUS CHRIST, my faithful Shep-
herd, hear ;
Feed me with Thy Grace, draw inly
near ;

By Thee redeem'd, in Thee alone I live,
All I need 'tis Thou canst give :
Kyrie Eleison.

Ah, LORD, Thy timid sheep now feed
With joy upon Thy Heavenly mead,
Lead us to the crystal River
Whence our life is flowing ever :
Kyrie Eleison.

For Thou art calling all the toil-oppressed,
All the weary to Thy Rest ;
The pardon of their sins is here bestow'd,
Thou dost free them from their load :
Kyrie Eleison.

Ah, come, Thyself put forth Thine Hand,
Unbind this heavy iron band,
Set me from my sorrows free,
Give me strength to follow Thee :
Kyrie Eleison.

Thou fain wouldst heart and Soul to Thee incline,
Take me from myself and make me Thine ;
Thou art the Vine and I the branch, oh, grant
I may grow in Thee a living plant :
Kyrie Eleison.

For nought but sin I find in me,
Yet are they done away in Thee ;
Mine are anguish, fear, unrest,
But in Thee, LORD, I am blest :
Kyrie Eleison.

An Ode of S. John Damascene, of the
viii. Century.

Μεγα τὸ Μυστήριον.



CHRIST, we turn our eyes to Thee,
And this mighty Mystery :
Habakkuk exclaimed of old,
In the HOLY SPIRIT bold—

Thou shalt come in time appointed,
For the help of Thine Anointed.

Taste of Myrrh He deigned to know,
Who redeemed the source of woe :
Now He bids all sickness cease
Through the Honeycomb of Peace ;
And to this world deigns to give
That sweet Fruit by which we live.

Patient LORD, with loving Eye
Thou invitest Thomas nigh,
Showing of that wounded Side ;
While the world is certified
How the third day, from the Grave,
JESUS CHRIST arose to save.

Blest, O Didymus, the tongue
Where that first Confession hung,
First the SAVIOUR to proclaim,
First the LORD of Life to name ;
Such the Graces it supplied—
That dear touch of JESU's Side.

The Cross the Anticipation of the Altar.

*He was wounded for our transgressions ; He was bruised
for our iniquities.*



TALK not of Bread ; the Soul, entranced,
but eyes
That Heavenly FORM, so buffeted
and bruised :

Talk not of Wine ; the Soul, entranced, descries
That Brow, that Side, with Healing BLOOD
suffused :

Nor tell me of a consecrated Board ;

Hence with the wings of wafting Faith I rove ;
On Golgotha, before th' Expiring LORD,
I bend in grief, astonishment, and love.

Sweet is the liquid grape to him that glows
With gasping thirst, or bread to starved distress ;
But sweeter far a SAVIOUR'S Death to those
Who thirst and hunger after Righteousness.

Oh, as the branch is nourished by the Vine—
Thou, SAVIOUR, art the Vine, the branches we—
Still may our Spirits, in this mystic Wine,
Drink life, health, beauty, joy, festivity.

A Meditation on the Holy Eucharist.

*So man did eat Angels' Food ; for He sent them
Meat enough.*



ESU, we laud and worship Thee,
The veiled Incarnate DEITY ;
Since sinful man eats Angels' Food—
The Bread of Life, the Precious BLOOD.

Oft as we seek Thine Altar-Throne,
Help every Soul in suppliant tone,
As Love's own voice comes whispering by,
To ask with tears—LORD, is it I ?

LORD, is it I, who doubt if Thou
Art really Present with us now,
Present to calm each aching breast,
To give the heavy laden rest ?

LORD, is it I, who turn away,
And go like Judas to betray,
As if no Paschal BLOOD had gleamed
On lips, which Grace has once redeemed ?

JESU, what Love can Thine transcend,
Love without measure, time, or end ;
Which gives to those who seek Thy Feet,
Thy BLOOD to drink, Thy FLESH to eat ?

Meditation on the Holy Eucharist. 45

Oh, Glory, that no tongue can tell,
Oh, Presence most ineffable,
Hidden in Forms of Bread and Wine,
Faith now adores her LORD Divine.

Yes, spotless Victim, sinless Priest,
We hail Thee in this awful Feast ;
And pray through It our Souls uplift
To Thee, the Giver and the Gift.

In hours of woe, in time of wealth,
Be this sweet Food the Spirit's health—
Till in this Strength we reach our home,
Till to the Mount of GOD we come.

There we shall see, unveiled at last,
When Holy Sacraments are past,
The Presence which on earth we own,
And know even as we are known.

JESU, all laud and praise to Thee,
At this high Feast our prayer shall be
That we, who hymn this mighty Grace,
In Heaven may see Thee Face to face.

An Ancient Canticle.

Unfla Crux DEI CRUORE.

WITH the Precious BLOOD anointed,
 Thee we hail, O holiest Tree!
 Life at thy blest touch returning
 Owns thy wondrous potency:
 Such thy glory, such thy virtue
 Since our SAVIOUR hung on thee.

Fount of universal Blessing
 From the Wounds of JESUS poured,
 Let the wounded gaze upon thee
 And their healing is assured;
 Only let them look, believing,
 They shall prove their LORD's dear Word.

Holy Cross, thou Seat of Judgment,
 Where the Just One sat enthroned,
 To pronounce the righteous Sentence,
 Yet His righteous Ire disowned
 When He bare the Wood of healing,
 Who the Rod of vengeance owned.

Thou in Whom all things are holy,
 Only spring of Sanctity,

An Ancient Canticle.

47

Though our sins be dark and fearful
Thou canst wash their stain away ;
Let Thy healing dews refresh us
In our last sharp agony.

To the FATHER, the Creator,
Everlasting Glory be ;
To the SON, Who willed to suffer
That the captive might go free ;
To the SPIRIT, Who doth guide us
Into Peace and Sanctity.





PART II.

THE OBLATION.

**The Offering of the New Law, the One
Oblation once Offered.**

*Sacrifice and Offering Thou wouldest not, but a Body
hast Thou prepared Me.*



ONCE I thought to sit so high
In the Palace of the sky ;
Now, I thank GOD for His Grace,
If I may fill the lowest place.

Once I thought to scale so soon
Heights above the changing moon ;
Now, I thank GOD for delay—
To-day, it yet is called to-day.

While I stumble, halt and blind,
Lo ! He waiteth to be kind ;
Bless me soon, or bless me slow,
Except He bless, I let not go.

Once for earth I laid my plan,
Once I leaned on strength of man,
When my hope was swept aside,
I stayed my broken heart on pride :

Broken reed hath pierced my hand ;
Fell my house I built on sand ;
Roofless, wounded, maimed by sin,
Fightings without and fears within :

Yet, a tree, He feeds my root ;
Yet, a branch, He prunes for fruit ;
Yet, a sheep, these eves and morns,
He seeks for me among the thorns.

With Thine Image stamped of old,
Find Thy coin more choice than gold ;
Known to Thee by name, recall
To Thee Thy home-sick prodigal.

Sacrifice and Offering
None there is that I can bring ;
None, save what is Thine alone :
I bring Thee, LORD, but of Thine Own—

Broken BODY, BLOOD Outpoured,
These I bring, my GOD, my LORD ;
Wine of Life, and Living Bread,
With these for me Thy Board is spread.

A Sacrifice acceptable, well-pleasing to God.

The LAMB slain from the foundation of the world.



EA, Thou wast once a Victim slain,
Thy MANHOOD in the atoning pain
Was offered once, and ne'er again.

But, LORD, in their immortal worth,
Thy FLESH and BLOOD are still set forth
Before GOD's Throne, in Heaven and earth.

For, Present wherefoe'er they be,
By Nature's rule or Mystery,
We have Thy Sacrifice and Thee.

And Present truly and indeed,
In Sacrament our Souls to feed,
That FLESH and BLOOD are strong to plead.

For in Them never fails nor dies
The Might of Thy dread Sacrifice
That stands before the FATHER's Eyes.

And thus on lowliest Altar floor,
E'en as within the eternal door,
They show Thy Passion evermore.

O Thou, Whose Love can thus combine
The earthly with the Heavenly shrine,
Let this pure Offering keep us Thine.

A Hymn of S. Andrew of Crete, of the
viii. Century.

Τὸ μέγα Μυστήριον.



H, the Mystery, passing wonder,
When reclining at the Board,
Eat—Thou saidst to Thy Disciples—
That true Bread with quickening
stored ;
Drink in faith the healing Chalice,
From a Dying GOD outpoured.

Then the glorious upper Chamber
A celestial Tent was made,
When the Bloodless Rite was offered,
And the Soul's true service paid,
And the table of the feasters
As an Altar stood displayed.

CHRIST is now our mighty Pascha,
Eaten for our mystic Bread ;
As a Lamb led out to slaughter,
And for this world offerèd ;
Take we of His Broken BODY,
Drink we of the BLOOD He shed.

To the Twelve spake Truth eternal,
To the branches spake the Vine—

The Oblation.

Never more from this day forward
 Shall I taste again this Wine,
 Till I drink it in the Kingdom
 Of My FATHER, and with Mine.

Thou hast stretched those hands for silver
 That had held th' immortal Food ;
 With those lips that late had tasted
 Of the BODY and the BLOOD,
 Thou hast given the kifs, O Judas ;
 Thou hast heard the Woe bestowed.

CHRIST to all the world gives Banquet
 On that most Celestial Meat ;
 Him, albeit with lips all earthly,
 Yet with holy hearts we greet,
 Him the sacrificial Pascha,
 Priest and Victim all complete.

A Colloquy between the Disciple and the
 Divine Master.

*In my trouble, I will call upon the LORD ; so shall He
 bear my voice out of His holy Temple.*

Peccator ad CHRISTUM.



Y Spirit longeth for Thee
 To dwell within my breast ;
 Although I am unworthy
 Of so Divine a Guest :

Of so Divine a Guest,
Unworthy though I be ;
Yet hath my heart no rest
Until it come to Thee :

Until it come to Thee,
In vain I look around ;
In all that I can see,
No rest is to be found :

No rest is to be found,
But in Thy bleeding Love ;
Oh, let my wish be crowned,
And send it from above.

CHRISTUS ad Peccatorem.

Cheer up, desponding Soul,
Thy longing pleased I see ;
'Tis part of that great whole,
Wherewith I longed for thee :

Wherewith I longed for thee,
And left My FATHER'S Throne,
From death to set thee free,
And claim thee for My Own :

To claim thee for My Own,
I suffered on the Cross ;
Oh, were My Love but known,
All else would be as dross :

The Oblation.

All else would be as dross,
 And Souls, through Grace Divine,
 Would count their gains but loss,
 To live for ever Mine.

A Vesper Hymn of S. Thomas Aquinas,
 of the xiii. Century.

Sacris Solemnis juncta sint gaudia.



LET this our solemn Feast
 With holy joys be crowned,
 And from each loving breast
 The voice of gladness sound ;
 Let ancient things depart,
 And all be new around,
 In every act and voice and heart.

Remember we that Eve,
 That Supper last and dread,
 When CHRIST, as we believe,
 The Lamb and leavenless Bread
 Unto His Brethren brought ;
 And thus the Law obeyed,
 Of old time to the Fathers taught.

But when the Law's repast
 Was o'er, the Type complete,
 To His Disciples last
 The LORD His FLESH to eat,

The Whole to all, no less
The Whole to each, doth meet,
With His Own Hand, as we confess.

He gave the weak and frail,
His BODY for their Food ;
The sad, for their regale,
The Chalice of His BLOOD ;
And said—Take ye of This,
My Cup with Life imbued ;
Oh, drink ye all this Draught of Blifs.

That Sacrifice so He
To institute did will,
And by a sure Decree
That Office to fulfil,
To Priests alone confide,
To whom pertaineth still
To take, and to the rest divide.

Lo ! Angels' Bread is made
The Bread of mortal man ;
Shows forth this Heavenly Bread
The end which Types began ;
Oh, wondrous boon indeed,
Upon his LORD now can
A poor and humble servant feed.

Thee, DEITY TRIUNE
Yet ONE, we meekly pray,

Oh, visit us right soon,
 As we our homage pay ;
 And in Thy Footsteps bright,
 Conduct us on our way,
 To where Thou dwell'st in cloudless Light.

Christmas Midnight Celebration of the Holy Eucharist.

*Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth Peace, Good-
 will towards men.*



ALLELUIA! LORD most Holy,
 In Thy Manger-throne we hail
 Thee ;

Alleluia ! Meek and Lowly,
 Never shall our worship fail Thee.

Alleluia ! choirs of Angels
 Sing at midnight-hour Thy Glory,
 To the watchful shepherds telling
 From the skies Thy natal story.

Alleluia ! CHILD of Mary,
 Low the shepherds bend before Thee ;
 Alleluia ! eastern Monarchs
 With their costliest gifts adore Thee.

Alleluia ! still unended
 Rings the Angel-note above ;

Midnight Christmas Communion. 57

From our Altars sweetly blending
Echoes earth's response of love.

Alleluia ! shine the tapers,
Gleams the holly's burnished spray ;
Alleluia ! chant the Credo,
CHRIST, we welcome Thee to-day.

Alleluia ! LORD most Mighty,
Come upon our shrines to dwell ;
Alleluia ! Dearest JESUS ;
Hark, it sounds—the sanctus-bell.

Down in adoration falling,
Hail ! sweet Sacrament Divine ;
Hail ! to Thee our Souls are calling,
Thou art ours, and we are Thine.

Midnight Christmas Communion.

He came unto His Own, and His Own received Him not.



UT on the world, unheeded, came there
One at midnight hour,
A lowly Maid His Mother, and a
Manger-stall His bed ;
Out on the cold, cold winter, when the snow lay
on the ground,
He came a Tender INFANT to Bethlehem's humble
shed.

Out on the world, unheeded—for none knew that
He was GOD,
Save His Parents, and the shepherds, and the
strangers from afar ;
These were His sole adorers—these the courtiers
of the King,
The world saw not the rising of the bright and
morning Star.

Out on the world, forsaken, poor He comes to sin-
ners still,
When storms are raging fiercely, and 'tis night
because of sin ;
Out on the cold, cold winter—to their thankless
hearts He comes,
And they turn their faces from Him, and will not
take Him in.

Out on the world, neglected—careless Christians
love Him not
While on our Altars dwelling, veiled in Mystery
most high ;
Unbelieving they reject Him—they will not own
their LORD,
Out on the cold, cold winter—for they pass un-
mindful by.

Out on the world, forsaken—but the faithful take
Him in,
As to her Breast did Mary on that first glad
Christmas night ;

Midnight Christmas Communion. 59

And where'er the red lamp's gleaming tells of the
Hidden GOD,
They bend the knee and worship Him, Who is the
Light of light.

And every lowly bosom which receives Him
tenderly
He strengthens with His Presence, and His Bless-
ing comfort brings ;
What joy to that poor dwelling when the LORD
of Glory comes—
Another Bethlehem's Manger to enthrone the
King of kings.

Such be my heart, Dear JESUS, this blessed Christ-
mas morn ;
Cold, cold the world unheeding, but my Guest
vouchsafe to be ;
Though mean and poor the dwelling, true my
heart's glad welcome is,
And this my prayer unceasing—Stay Thou ever-
more with me.

Out on the world, forsaken—Oh, regard Thy
Children's love—
Our tears be Reparation for the slights upon
Thee thrown ;
May the Church's great Thanksgiving, this Holy
Sacrifice,
Avail for all the thankless, and for all our sins
atone.

The Oblation.

Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Sing every tongue with joy ;
 He comes to dwell amongst us, our sweet Sacra-
 mental King ;
 Raise up to Heaven your anthems, and the frag-
 rant censers wave,
 Telling out to every people this great and wondrous
 thing.

Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Till Death our voices hush,
 Till we join the Church Triumphant, and reach
 the Fount of Grace ;
 There no more the hidden Presence, nor Eu-
 charistic Rite,
 But the Bridegroom's Marriage Supper, and to
 see Him Face to face.

A Carol for Christmas-tide.

*Behold, the BRIDEGROOM cometh ; go ye out to
 meet Him.*



OW lift the Carol, men and maids,
 Now make exultant singing,
 This day the Well of Life first sprang—
 Who shall declare its springing ?
 It is the Birthday of our Peace ;
 This day for man, the weary,
 The Everlasting SON of GOD
 Was born of Bleſſed Mary.

He was not born in such sweet days
As we of yore remember ;
It was not sunny summer-time,
Oh, it was bleak December :
Over our heads the sun is bright,
Beneath the snow falls slacken,
So, unto this dark wintry world
He came, the dead to quicken.

He did not bring a royal train,
A host no man could number ;
Nor lay begirt by damask folds,
Nor lulled by harp to slumber ;
Oh, He was wrapped in swathing bands
Whose Might o'erspans the Heaven,
And a poor trough, whence oxen fed,
For His first rest was given.

But there were shepherds at the fold
Who heard the wondrous tidings,
How there was joy in Heav'n that night
For peace on earth abiding.
They went in haste to Bethlehem,
And saw, and told the story
Of CHRIST, the LORD, a Little CHILD,
And Angels singing—Glory.

He lies not in the manger now—
Far o'er the sapphire portal
At the Right Hand of Pow'r He sits,
Who was this day made mortal :

All in the highest, holiest Place,
Where there may dwell none other,
There our own Manhood sits enthroned,
There is our Elder Brother.

He has gone up into His Home—
Will there be no returning
Until His awful Sign is seen,
And Heaven and earth are burning?
O Brother, He will come: He came
Once in our nature Lowly;
But now in lowlier Wine and Bread
We take the Ever-holy.

Lo! He is coming; lo! the Bride
Her purest white is wearing;
Lo! the twin tapers shed their gleam,
The Two-fold CHRIST declaring;
And lo! the Priest, His Minister,
Stands between earth and Heaven
To speak the ancient Law anew
Before its end be given.

The Birthday of our GOD and King—
Lo! we are called to greet Him;
The everlasting Bridegroom comes,
Oh, go ye out to meet Him.
This is the end of all below,
The crown of Love's best story;
CHRIST stands and knocks—oh, happy Souls,
Receive the King of Glory.

An Ancient Hymn for Maundy Thursday :
From the German.

Israel doth not know, My people do not consider.

IN those dark hours of bitter Woe,
When depths of Agony
Bound Me to dust, I bade It flow—
My BLOOD, in Streams for thee :

I stood alone, My Hands were bound ;
Beneath the scourge I stood ;
From their long furrows to the ground
Fast fell the Holy BLOOD.
My Child, oh, this was all for Thee ;
Oh, hast Thou ever thought of Me ?

They put on Me a Robe of scorn,
Bade thorns My Crown to be ;
I gladly bore it, could have borne
More still for love of thee ;
They gave Me then the Cross to bear,
And many a word was said
Against My holy Name, but ne'er—
Love from My Heart ne'er fled.
My Child, oh, this was all for Thee ;
Oh, hast thou ever thought of Me ?

Behold Me lifted up on high,
Praying midst all My Woe,

With parched Lip and closing Eye,
My FATHER for each foe,
And then, with Heart-wrung Wail and Groan—
My GOD, My GOD—I said ;
It seemed that I was left alone,
And My true Comfort fled.
My Child, oh, this was all for Thee ;
Oh, hast thou ever thought of Me ?

The Gentile's spear hath pierced My Side ;
Lo ! from My Heart within
Water and BLOOD, a priceless Tide,
Flow forth to cleanse from sin.
Have I left any thing undone,
So thou by it might'st be
Brought back, My lost, My loved One ?
Have I not died for thee ?
My Child, oh, this was all for Thee ;
Oh, hast thou ever thought of Me ?

For Thee I was content to die,
To shame and anguish moved ;
And now, upon My Throne on high
I love as then I loved ;
To thee My FLESH and BLOOD are given—
The pure Soul's mystic Food—
And thou shalt be with Me in Heaven
When thou hast passed Death's flood.
My Child, oh, this was all for Thee ;
Oh, hast thou ever thought of Me ?

Easter Celebration of Holy Mysteries.

The LORD is Risen indeed.



CHOU, that on the first of Easters,
 Cam'st resplendent from the Tomb,
 Leaving all Thy linen Cerements
 Folded in the Cavern's gloom,
 Come with Thine—All hail—to greet us,
 Come our Paschal joy to be ;
 Let our Altar, clad in brightness,
 Yield a Throne of white for Thee.

This shall crown the Queen of Sundays ;
 Grant but this—our cup runs o'er ;
 Hymns that welcomed in Thine Easter
 Made us long for this the more :
 All the Paschal Alleluias
 Craved to see the LAMB appear ;
 Come the hour when Faith shall tell us—
 He is risen ; He is here.

Thou, Whose all-transcendent MANHOOD
 Knew not aught of bonds imposed,
 Rising ere the stone was lifted,
 Passing where the doors were closed,
 Present here in very Essence,
 Is there aught too hard for Thee ?
 Fill us with Thy Light and Sweetness,
 From our darkness make us free.

F

The Oblation.

AGNUS DEI, we are guilty ;
 Panis Vitæ, we are faint ;
 But Thou didst not rise at Easter
 To be deaf to our complaint ;
 Come, oh, come to cleanse and feed us,
 Breathing Peace and kindling Love,
 Till Thy Paschal Blessings bear us
 To the Feast of feasts above.

Holy Communion on Easter Day.

Ad Regias AGNI Dapes.



AT the LAMB's high Feast we sing
 Praise to our victorious King,
 Who hath washed us in the tide
 Flowing from His piercèd Side ;
 Praise we Him Whose Love Divine
 Gives His Sacred BLOOD for Wine,
 Gives His BODY for the Feast,
 CHRIST the Victim, CHRIST the Priest.

Where the Paschal BLOOD is poured,
 Death's dark angel sheathes his sword ;
 Israel's hosts triumphant go
 Through the wave that drowns the foe.
 Praise we CHRIST, Whose BLOOD was shed,
 Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread ;
 With sincerity and love
 Eat we Manna from above.

Mighty Victim from the sky,
 Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie ;
 Thou hast conquered in the fight ;
 Thou hast brought us Life and Light :
 Now no more can death appal,
 Now no more the grave enthrall ;
 Thou hast opened Paradise,
 And in Thee Thy Saints shall rise.

Easter triumph, Easter joy,
 Sin alone can this destroy ;
 From sin's power do Thou set free
 Souls new-born, O LORD, in Thee.
 Hymns of glory and of praise,
 Risen LORD, to Thee we raise ;
 Holy FATHER, praise to Thee,
 With the SPIRIT, ever be.

Easter Celebration of the Blessed Sacrament.

*Unto you it is given to know the Mysteries of the
 Kingdom of God.*



HE Mystery of Mysteries :
 Now let the pure in heart draw nigh,
 While every pulse is beating high
 With love and holy fear ;
 For CHRIST hath risen at break of day,
 And bids us from the world away,
 And haste to meet Him here.

The Mystery of Mysteries :
The Angels and Archangels come
On wings of Light from out their home,
In ranks of glory wheeling ;
Our Souls shall mix and blend with theirs,
In loud thank-offerings and prayers,
Before the Altar kneeling.

The Mystery of Mysteries :
The Souls that still in dimness dwell
Deep in the Church invisible,
From doubt and care remote,
They too shall keep the Feast to-day,
And to their cells, though far away,
The Hymn of joy shall float.

The Mystery of Mysteries :
Oh, far and wide through all the earth,
Emotions of unwonted mirth
And feeling strange shall be ;
And secret sounds shall come and go,
Harmonious, as the throbbing flow
Of the mysterious sea.

The Mystery of Mysteries :
The dead and living shall be one,
And thrills of fiery transport run
With sweetest power through all ;
For one in heart and Faith are we,
And moulded one, our Head, through Thee,
The Body Mystical.

The Mystery of Mysteries :
 From east to west the world shall turn,
 And stay its busy feet to learn
 The musical vibration ;
 While Saints and Angels high shall raise,
 In one vast choir, the hymn to praise
 The Feast of our Salvation.

The Divine Presence ; a Hymn for
 Ascension-tide.

God sitteth upon His holy Seat.



IFT up your songs, ye Angel-choirs,
 Lift up your heads, ye golden gates ;
 Before your jewelled portals, lo !
 The King and LORD of Glory waits :
 His Robes are dyed with royal hues,
 A purple glow proclaims the fight ;
 JESUS has won the world to GOD,
 And triumphed by His Princely Might.

Hark ! Heav'n's enraptured chorus swells,
 To welcome back th' Eternal SON ;
 While every glittering Wound shows forth—
 At what a cost the strife was won.
 Hail ! JESUS, our ascended King ;
 Hail ! SON of Mary, SON of GOD ;
 No mind can e'en conceive Thy state,
 No tongue can publish it abroad.

At GOD's Right Hand Thou dost abide,
The Sea of Glafs before Thee spread ;
And, like unto an emerald,
The Rainbow round about Thy Head :
Yet, wondrous thought, while JESUS there
With GOD the FATHER intercedes,
The Spotless LAMB for sinners slain
Still on ten thousand Altars bleeds.

Oft as the high mysterious Words
Are duly breathed o'er Bread and Wine,
JESU, the GOD Incarnate comes
And seeks His holy Altar-shrine—
A Mystery too deep for speech ;
The starry Heavens their LORD restore,
And wondering Angels hover near,
While loving, trembling hearts adore.

No longer led by shadowy Type
We grope our way to Love's abode,
The Crofs marks out the narrow path,
Thy glorious Wounds light up the road :
E'en now the eye of Faith upturned
Beholds the golden Robe of Light,
Which wrapt Thee round when on the Mount,
Which veils Thee still from mortal's sight.

Ah ! if no outward Sign be near,
Yet we can kneel and worship Thee ;
Each Altar is a Glory-Throne
Where Thou for love of us wilt be :

Ascension Communion.

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Thus, throned in Heaven and throned on earth,
We worship Thee, the Victor dread :
Thou, Who the Heaven of Heavens dost fill,
Abide with us, O Living Bread.

Ascension Communion.

*While they beheld, He was taken up, and a cloud
received Him out of their sight.*

BORNE on triumphal clouds
The King of Glory soars,
While each trained faithful heart below
In wondering love adores.

Farther and farther yet
From wistful gaze is drawn
The glorious car, which bears away
The Joy of hearts forlorn.

Their LORD, their Life, is gone ;
The deeps of Heaven resume
Their wonted calm, serenely bright,
Forbidding thoughts of gloom.

For He will ne'er forget :
E'en in His Glory hour
He sends the Heavenly Message down
To comfort them with Power.

The Oblation.

He hath not left His Own :
Where Faith purges the sight,
And Love the dwelling-place prepares,
There He abides in might.

Return into your hearts,
And ye shall find Him there ;
He hath but risen, that they may rise
And breathe of Heaven's own air.

Yea, brightening Faith shall soar
Beyond the clouds of earth,
And hail her LORD, in glorious chant
Of Eucharistic mirth.

Ascended, and enthroned
At the Right Hand above,
He re-descends, to dwell with men
In His blest Feast of Love.

And even as He went,
So shall he daily come
Enfolded in mysterious Cloud,
To make in us His home.

O SAVIOUR, cleanse our Souls
To see, and own Thee near ;
That we, with Thee, may rise and dwell
As Thou with us art here.

The Celebration at Emmaus.

*They told how He was known of them in the
Breaking of BREAD.*



HEY talked of JESUS, as they went ;
And JESUS, all unknown,
Did at their side Himself present,
With Sweetness all His Own.
Swift, as He oped the sacred Word,
His Glory they discerned ;
And swift, as His dear Voice they heard,
Their hearts within them burned.

He would have left them, but that they
With prayers His Love assailed—
Depart not yet ; a little stay—
They pressed Him, and prevailed.
And JESUS was revealed, as there
He blessed, and brake the BREAD :
But, while they marked His Heavenly air,
The matchless Guest had fled.

And thus at times, as Christians talk
Of JESUS and His Word ;
He joins two friends amidst their walk,
And makes, unseen, a Third.
And oh, how sweet their converse flows,
Their holy theme how clear,
How warm with Love each bosom glows,
If JESUS be but near.

The Oblation.

And they that woo His Visits sweet,
 And will not let Him go,
 Oft, while His broken Bread they eat,
 His Soul-felt Presence know.
 His gathered Friends He loves to meet,
 And fill with Joy their faith,
 When they with melting hearts repeat
 The Memory of His Death.

But such sweet Visits here are brief,
 Dispensed from stage to stage
 (A cheering and a prized relief)
 Of Faith's hard pilgrimage.
 There is a scene when JESUS ne'er,
 Ne'er leaves his happy guests,
 He spreads a ceaseless Banquet there,
 And Love still fires their breasts.

The Altar of the Cross.

Signum Crux novæ Federis.



SAFE to the haven of their rest,
 O blessed Cross, thou bear'st the lost,
 Sign of a Covenant new and blest,
 Ark of a world in tempest tost.

In vain doth the Avenger raise,
 With angry might, his red right hand;
 Thy silent power his wrath allays,
 Forgotten sinks the fiery brand.

Let him, who writhes in agony
 Because the Serpent's bite was sore,
 Lift up his eyes, and gaze on thee,
 And lo! he feels the smart no more.

Equal with GOD, the HOLY ONE
 A Sacrifice upon thee lay,
 Dear Altar, whence the Blessed SON
 His FATHER'S Anger soothed away.

O holiest, O sweetest Cross,
 Thou with the Precious BLOOD art dyed ;
 And all amended is our loss,
 Since on thy bosom CHRIST hath died.

Eucharistical.

The Real Presence.



KNOW that Thou art here, I know
 not how,
 While others argue, I Thy Word
 adore ;
 Body and Soul before Thee lowly bow ;
 Thy Word hath spoken it, I ask no more—
 Who eateth Me, the same shall live by Me—
 O Soul-subduing Voice, O Mystery ;
 My whole heart thirsteth after Thee, LORD
 CHRIST,
 Therefore I live for Thy dread Eucharist.

The Oblation.

The Sacrifice of the Altar.

That which He offered at the Paschal Feast,
 That which He offered on the fruitful Tree,
 The once-slain Victim, Prophet, King, and Priest,
 FATHER, we offer here in Mystery ;
 Behold the Merits, which we could not win ;
 Behold His Griefs, Who bore the whole world's
 sin ;
 Behold, LORD GOD, the Face of Thine Own
 CHRIST,
 Shown forth to Thee in Thy dread Eucharist.

The Communion of Saints.

Ye Saints of GOD, Sweet JESUS' Body glorious,
 From Abel to the babe baptized but now,
 Ye that in Paradise take rest victorious,
 Ye that on earth beneath the Cross still bow,
 Ye lightning-visaged hosts Angelical,
 Here at this Holy Feast I meet you all ;
 Heaven and earth are one in Thee, LORD
 CHRIST ;
 Therefore I live for Thy dread Eucharist.

Sacramental Likeness.

They grow alike who dwell in love together ;
 And gentle holiness doth tame and fashion
 Tenderly, as the influence of calm weather,
 The vagrant heart which owns no law but passion ;
 And since for Thy dear Likeness, LORD, I yearn,
 And, wandering ever, once again return

To dwell in Thee, and Thou in me, LORD
CHRIST ;
Therefore I live for Thy dread Eucharist.

Penitence in Communion.

Deep penitence was hers, who bathed Thy Feet
In tears that welled from out a broken heart ;
High was her lot, when Thou didst make her meet
In quiet love to choose the better part ;
More blest when she, unsparing and deep-loving,
Did what she could, and heard Thy kind approving :
So let me gather Grace on Grace, LORD CHRIST ;
Therefore I live for Thy dread Eucharist.

The Business of Life.

To tread the way Thy holy Feet have trod,
To keep that flinty path and never stray,
To live the hidden Life with Thee in GOD,
To bear the Cross with cheerful heart away,
Learning to live, that I may know to die,
And wait in hope Thy coming Majesty,
This, this is what Thou willest, O LORD
CHRIST ;
Therefore I live for Thy dread Eucharist.

The Will of God.

Thy Will be mine ; for nothing will I long,
Thy perfect Will shall be my only care ;

Give as Thou wilt, pain, sickness, grief, or wrong,
 Chill failure, or success more hard to bear :
 But grant that saturate with Grace Divine,
 My heart may beat in harmony with Thine ;
 For Thou, O GOD, art Very MAN, LORD
 CHRIST ;
 Therefore I live for Thy dread Eucharist.

Supplication at the Altar.

Ask ; and it shall be given unto you,
 More than ye think, and better than ye ask :
 Seek ; ye shall find that I am Just and True ;
 My powerful Love ye cannot overtake :
 Knock ; and it shall be opened.—LORD, I knock,
 I seek, I ask ; do Thou Thy Store unlock,
 For here Thy Store is richest, O LORD CHRIST ;
 Therefore I live for Thy dread Eucharist.

Dryness before Reception.

A weary body and an o'er-wrought brain,
 No wish to long for Thee, no heart to love,
 In hard, dull apathy, a painless pain,
 Yet will I come, and Thy deep Mercy prove :
 For not in plastic feelings of the mind
 Celestial comfort must I seek and find ;
 But in true Presence Thou art here, LORD
 CHRIST,
 Therefore I live for Thy dread Eucharist.

Sorrowing yet rejoicing.

So many disappointments, woes, and cares,
Fightings without, misgiving fears within,
Heart-desolating joys, bewildering snares,
So great a daily load of unknown sin,
So wearily goes the world, so heavily,
That it were better could I cease to be—
Yea, but for Union unto Thee, LORD CHRIST;
Therefore I live for Thy dread Eucharist.

Sacramental Reception.

A rushing Sound as of a mighty Wind
Came down from Heaven, and cloven Tongues
of Flame
On every faithful brow their place did find :
Not so He cometh now ; yet aye the Same,
With soft low breathings on the inmost heart,
His unseen fire of Love He doth impart,
But chiefly at Thine Altar, O LORD CHRIST;
Therefore I live for Thy dread Eucharist.

Awakening to Realities.

I gazed on phantom shows and called them good,
Dulling mine eyes with empty weariness ;
I ate the husks of sin, and thought it food,
Till my poor cheated Soul sank down in dreariness ;
God's Grace awoke me ; and I cried aloud—
Oh, fill my hungry Soul ; scatter this cloud ;

The Oblation.

There is no Light, nor Food, but Thou, LORD
CHRIST ;

Therefore I live for Thy dread Eucharist.

Thirst for CHRIST.

Not through mere shrinking from the griefs of hell,

The worm that dies not, and the quenchless fire,

Not through mere longing evermore to dwell

Among the radiant hosts of Heaven's quire,

(For Heaven were hell if Thou Thy Face shouldst
hide,

And hell were Heaven if Thou shouldst there
abide :)

Thyself, Thyself I long for, O LORD CHRIST ;

Therefore I come to Thy dread Eucharist.

Union with CHRIST.

Thou art ascended : we may touch Thee now,

By holy Faith which dwells in things above,

By holy Hope enduring things below,

By Love, outstripping both, repentant Love ;

Yea, and by this, combining all in one,

Faith, Hope, and Love in vast Communion,

This more than Heavenly Teaching, O LORD
CHRIST,

This Gift of gifts, Thy glorious Eucharist.

An Eucharistic Hymn of the xiii. Century.

Recolamus sacram Cœnam.



CHRIST sits at His own Board ;
The Brethren twelve receive
The Gift of Gladness ; O my heart,
Call up the solemn Eve.

He is our Maker, He
Died on the Crofs for us ;
Oh, let us keep the memory
Of His Last Supper thus :

He was about to leave
The world, and pass away
Unto the FATHER ; when He gave
What He will give this day.
He ate the Paschal Lamb ;
He kept unto the last
The Law He issued ; while He eat,
That Law's stern letter passed.

Into His sacred Hands
He took the Holy Bread ;
He brake ; He blessed each Fragment ; then
Unto His Brethren said—
Now take and eat ye This,
This is My BODY given,
This is the Life laid down for you,
This the New Law of Heaven.

G

And drink ye of this Cup ;
Oft as ye drink of Me,
I will ye do this I have done
Unto My Memory.
He spake ; before them all
Still Perfect MAN He stood,
Though what He ate and drank He named
His Very FLESH and BLOOD.

He gave unto the Twelve
(Not to His MANHOOD's loss,
Not to Its outward change) the Gift,
Fruit of the bitter Cross.
And ever since that Day
(Who may the Wonder tell ?)
The Faithful eat of CHRIST, yet He
Abides Unchangeable.

Whoever eats and drinks
Aright, shall perish never ;
Whoever eats and drinks amiss,
Shall dwell in death for ever.
So let him cleanse his Soul,
Who wills what JESUS saith,
A blessed and an awful thing,
Set unto Life or death.

O Living Bread, O Life,
O Holy JESUS CHRIST,

Who art the same in Heaven, though Thou
On earth art sacrificed ;
Who in this lower world
Dost feed the pure in heart,
Oh, grant us at the last to be
In Glory, where Thou art.

The Christian Altar.

*The Bread of GOD is He Which cometh down from
Heaven.*



REMBLING, we know that Thou, O
LORD,
Dost know us through all thought and
word ;

But shed o'er all Thy BLOOD we see,
So gladly hail our CHRIST in Thee.

Thus finding, as we have been found,
Thy festive Table we surround ;
In Thee contained, in Thee combined,
Bring Thee one offering and one mind.

Thou Bread of Life, upon Thy Tongue
When famished thousands closely hung,
Didst make the fainting body whole,
Come, strengthen and refresh our Soul.

Thou, when the bridal wine ran dry,
 A draught far richer didst supply,
 With real fulness of that hour,
 Come cheer our Souls, Thy BLOOD outpour.

So bid us from Thy Board depart,
 With all Thy Presence in our heart,
 And bear It far into the night
 Of world and sin, Thy Lamp of Light.

Christ All in All.

*Omnia habemus in CHRISTO, et omnia CHRISTUS
 est in nobis.*



AY, art thou wounded, feeble, weak?
 In JESUS thy Physician seek;
 Does fever strike, or parching thirst?
 He is thy Fountain, best, and first;
 Or, art thou bowed beneath sin's load?
 He is thy Justice—fly to GOD;
 Does Soul or body sickness thrall?
 He is the Health of both, and all.

Lift ye for help? Be not afraid,
 He is thy near and ready Aid;
 Does Death affright thee drawing near?
 He is thy Life, and wherefore fear?

Forgiveness in Communion.

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Long you for Heaven's eternal Day?
Walk boldly on, He is the Way;
He is thine Aid, His Life was given
To ope for thee the gates of Heaven.

If thou wouldst fly the mists of night,
The Sun of Justice is thy light;
He bids the tongue-tied Spirit speak,
Unties it in Confession meek:
Or seek ye Food? He gives thee Bread;
Thou art by Heavenly Manna fed:
O Hidden God, what harm can fall?
He gives Himself, He gives thee all.

Forgiveness in Communion.

Erlassen ist der Sünden Schuld.



LOOSED are the bands thy Soul which
chained,
My FATHER's Love and Grace re-
gained—

Such are the words by which to-day
My SAVIOUR chased my grief away.

'Tis even so; His Death and Pain
GOD's Favour have restored again;
For me my highest Good is won,
The work of Grace is fully done.

Here Righteousness and Peace abound;
The festal robe I here have found,
Which covering all my guilt and sin,
Has made my Soul at peace within.

This CHRIST hath wrought, my Blessed LORD,
Who feeds me at His gracious Board;
And gladness fills my heart and mind,
To think that pardon here I find.

Into my FATHER's Presence dread,
No longer now I fear to tread;
His Wrath appeased through CHRIST, His SON,
He bids me come before His Throne.

He now regards me as His Child,
Since I through CHRIST am reconciled;
Washed in the BLOOD from JESU's Side,
To me Heaven's gate is opened wide.

Thy HOLY SPIRIT, CHRIST, impart,
Work true repentance in my heart,
And e'en from sin's remotest brink
With deep abhorrence make me shrink;

That so I may not fall again,
By sinning, into Satan's chain,
Nor throw my FATHER's Grace away,
By going any more astray.

So shall I die at peace with Thee,
From sin and sinner's doom set free,
And at the LAMB's own Marriage Feast,
In Heaven become a constant guest.

A Communion Hymn of the vii. Century.

Sancti, venite, CORPUS CHRISTI sumite.



RAW nigh, and take the BODY of the
LORD,
And drink the Holy BLOOD for you
outpoured.

Saved by that BODY, hallowed by that BLOOD,
Whereby refreshed, we render thanks to GOD.

Salvation's Giver, CHRIST the Only SON,
By that His Cross and BLOOD the victory won.

Offered was He for greatest and for least,
Himself the Victim, and Himself the Priest.

Victims were offered by the Law of old,
That, in a type, celestial Mysteries told.

He, Ransomer from death, and Light from shade,
Giveth His holy Grace His Saints to aid.

Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
And take the safeguard of Salvation here.

He that in this world rules His Saints, and shields,
To all believers Life Eternal yields ;

With Heavenly Bread makes them that hunger
whole,
Gives Living Waters to the thirsty Soul.

Alpha and Omega, to Whom shall bow
All nations at the Doom, is with us now.

The Soul's Soliloquy and Colloquy with Christ.

Schmücke dich olliebe Seele.



LEAVE, my Soul, the shades of darkness,
Deck thyself with robes of gladness,
With robes of pure and spotless white
Come to the source of Life and Light :

Even the lowest and the least
Are callèd to this Heavenly Feast ;
CHRIST of His Love and Mercy free
Will make His own Abode with thee.

Hasten to meet thy Loving LORD ;
He standeth, knocking at the door.

The Soul's Soliloquy with Christ. 89

Listen ; His sweet and gentle Voice
Is calling thee ; of His free Desire
He speaketh thus—Soul, whom I love,
My spouse, my undefiled, my dove,
Open to me ; oh, let Me in,
Within thy heart, thy love to win.

Man will gladly, without measure,
Spend much wealth, yea countless treasure,
To gain what his heart desireth :
Nor gold, nor silver GOD requireth—
Come to the Fountain, come and buy,
All ye who thirst ; GOD from on high,
GOD gives Himself a Sacrifice :
Buy without money, without price.

It was, O Blessed LORD, Thy Love,
Which made Thee leave Thy Throne above,
To shed for us Thy Precious BLOOD,
That we, through that Life-giving Flood,
Cleansed might be from every stain,
Might lift our eyes to Heaven again,
With GOD and FATHER reconciled
Through Thy great Love and Mercy mild.

I thirst, I faint, I long, I sigh,
LORD JESU, draw in Mercy nigh ;
My heart and strength have failed me,
For waiting, LORD, so long for Thee.

Accept the homage that I bring,
 My GOD, my SAVIOUR, and my King :
 My LORD, my Light, my Life, my All,
 Adoring at Thy Feet, I fall.

Oh, Mystery of Mysteries,
 Our GOD upon the Altar lies,
 His FLESH our meat, His BLOOD our drink ;
 I long to come—and yet I shrink—
 I'm all unworthy to draw near :
 With trembling hope and loving fear,
 I come, LORD, to Thy Heavenly Feast,
 The last, the lowest, and the least
 Of all Thy guests ; imploring Thee,
 My Soul from sin and stain set free,
 Send Thy Sweet SPIRIT to my heart,
 That I may see Thee as Thou art,
 To make me pure, a fit abode
 For Thee, my SAVIOUR and my GOD.

LORD JESUS, of Thy wondrous Love,
 Make me Thy guest in Heaven above
 When I have drunk my cup of woe,
 And learnt to bear Thy Cross below,
 And through the shades of death have passed :
 LORD JESU, grant me at the last
 To be Thy thankful, happy guest
 At the LAMB's glorious Marriage Feast.

The Tree of Life.

Signum pretiosus, Signum Crucis pretiosus.



HAILE ! saving Cross, hail ! sacred Sign,
 More precious this than gold approved
 By threefold fire, or brightest gem :
 Here, at thy foot, I would recline,
 Most sure by this, how GOD has loved
 The Catholic Jerusalem.

Here would I lay my weary thought,
 Too weary long, too long oppress'd
 Beneath the weight of sinful load :
 Here would I seek repose, long sought,
 But sought in vain, in the unrest
 And tumult of destruction's road.

Here, 'neath the Shelter-Tree of Life,
 Is refuge from the pelting blast,
 And shadow from the heat of day :
 Here, from the burthen, jar, and strife
 Of empty trifles, passing, past,
 Here would I rest away.

The troubled heart finds here repose,
 And here the angry passions lull ;
 The sensual appetite is checked,
 And here increase of Love still grows
 More pure, till its fruition full
 Unclouds the opening intellect.

The Oblation.

Hail ! saving Cross, hail ! saving Sign,
 What gems of earth may countervail
 That source of Love, that spring of Faith :
 Oh, wondrous depth of Love Divine,
 Once and again the Cross I hail,
 Our only hope in life and death.

The Eucharistic Advent.

*I came down from Heaven, not to do Mine own Will,
 but the Will of Him that sent Me.*



He cometh—on yon hallowed Board
 The ready Feast doth duly show,
 Where wait the Chalice and the Bread,
 Like gems within their veil of snow.

He cometh—as He came of old,
 Suddenly to His Father's Shrine,
 Into the hearts He died to make
 Meet temples for His Grace Divine.

He cometh—as the Bridegroom comes
 Unto the Feast Himself has spread ;
 His FLESH and BLOOD the Heavenly Food
 Wherewith the wedding guests are fed.

He cometh—gentle as the dew,
 And sweet as drops of honey clear,
 And good as GOD's Own Manna-shower,
 To longing Souls that meet Him here.

Commemoration of a Faithful Priest. 93

He cometh—let not one withdraw,
Nor fear to bring repented sin ;
There's BLOOD to wash, there's BREAD to feed,
And CHRIST Himself to enter in.

He cometh—praises in the Church
And hymns of praise in Heaven above,
And in our hearts repentant faith,
And love that springs to meet His Love.

Commemoration of a Faithful Priest.

Quantis micas honoribus.



GOOD Priest, where art thou hid from
human eyes
In calm Repose,
Haply to tread the marble-shining skies
After life's woes ;
Where God's Own Presence hath His People blest,
Himself their happy Guerdon, and their Rest.

Those Virtues, in whose steps thou here didst toil,
And strive to go,
Are not put off with this thy fleshly coil,
And left below ;
They now are turned to rays of Light Divine,
And glorious Crowns, which on thy temples
shine.

And they for whom thou toiledst in second birth,
 With many a sigh,
Are with thee, like thy children, fled from earth,
 And through the sky
They share thy victory the blest Choirs among,
And lift with thee the new mysterious Song.

Thou here below, dim-veiled from earthly eyes
 In shadows dread,
Didst offer up th' Unbloody Sacrifice,
 On CHRIST to feed ;
He now Himself, with Unveiled DEITY,
Of Spirits Immortal the Repast shall be.

And as a daily Sacrifice may we
 Be lifted up,
Bearing our daily Cross, and share with thee
 Thy Master's Cup :
We press, like shipwrecked sailors on the wave,
To Shores where CHRIST doth stretch His Arms
 to save.

To Him, Who governs His own Priestly Host,
 Himself their Crown ;
To Him with FATHER and with HOLY GHOST,
 Be all renown :
All praise to Him as hath been heretofore,
All praise to Him both now and evermore.

The True Vine.

I am the True Vine.



WHEN Israel lay in Kadesh, where
 Paran's wilds expand,
 Into the north twelve mighty men
 were sent to spy the Land ;
 Each Tribe gave in its kingliest before the hosts of
 light
 Rose up all in JEHOVAH's Name to spoil the
 Amorite.

Down in the fertile valley, where Eshcol's waters
 roll,
 They felled the lordly Cedar-tree and wrought it
 to a pole,
 And then they turned them south again and bare
 to Israel's line
 The first-fruits of the Gift of God, the first-ripe of
 the Vine.

And what to us (the world exclaims) that Vine-
 branch borne of two ?
 O fools and blinded—is it not a figure of the
 True ?
 It is the sum of all things ; yea, that deed of pre-
 science done
 Speaks of two Dispensations, and the Gift that
 made them one.

They who were Grace-expectant, they who lived
and died in Grace ;

They who saw CHRIST far off, and they who see,
though veiled, His Face :

Those went before ; these follow : they are all
one Brotherhood,

And in the midst the True Vine hangs upon the
holy Rood.

O Tree of Life, O Vine of GOD, Thou art amid
us now ;

The Bread we break, the Wine we bless, are they
not very Thou ?

Veiled in His Creatures comes our GOD ; He
comes Who dwells above,

The altogether Lovely, and the Fount and Life
of Love.

Oh, come, ye heavy-laden, and henceforth restful
be ;

Oh, come, your weary weight of sin long since was
laid on Me—

This is Thy Call, O Merciful ; to all who will is
given

To eat Supernal Bread and drink the Mystic Wine
of Heaven.

Ah, in our bosom's Hebron the Son of Anak
dwells

'Mid pride-built walls, embattled towers, and
Heav'n-high citadels ;

The Precious Blood of Christ. 97

More faithless than the faithless ten, we will not
break that sway ;
We think to win the pleasant Land, but not the
Cross's way.

Oh, first with Grace preparing, then with Gift no
tongue can show,
Lion of Judah, visit us ; true Joshua, smite our foe ;
Come from Thy Altar to our hearts, our Health,
our Food to be ;
And cast imaginations down, and subject all to
Thee.

Then not alone our fathers, Thy Presence shall
bring nigh :
Angels, Archangels, sing with us, and all Heav'n's
Company ;
And now, what reck we ills to come ? They can-
not mar our rest ;
Our Love is ours and we are His ; we want not ;
we are blest.

The most Precious Blood of Christ.

Salvete ! CHRISTI Vulnera.



AIL ! holy Wounds of JESUS, hail !
Sweet Pledges of the saving Rood,
Whence flow the Streams that never
fail,

The purple Streams of His Dear BLOOD.

H

Brighter than brightest stars ye show,
Than sweetest rose your scent more rare,
No Indian gem may match your glow,
No honey's taste with yours compare.

Portals ye are to that dear home
Wherein our wearied Souls may hide,
Whereto no angry foe can come,
The Heart of JESUS crucified.

What countless stripes our JESUS bore,
All naked left in Pilate's hall;
What copious Floods of purple Gore
Through rents in His torn Garments fall.

His beauteous Brow, oh, shame and grief,
By the sharp thorny Crown is riven;
Through Hands and Feet, without relief,
The cruel nails are rudely driven.

But, when for our poor sakes He died,
A willing Priest by Love subdued,
The soldier's lance transfix'd His Side,
Forth flowed the Water and the BLOOD.

That bitter Torment He endured,
Full Ransom for our Souls to give,
Till from His racking Frame was poured
Each Drop of BLOOD, that we might live.

Communion Hymn from Calderon. 99

Come, bathe you in that healing Flood,
All ye who mourn, by guilt opprest,
Your only hope is JESU'S BLOOD,
His sacred Heart your only rest.

All praise to Him, the Eternal SON,
At GOD'S Right Hand enthroned above,
Whose BLOOD our full Redemption won,
Whose SPIRIT seals the Gift of Love.

A Communion Hymn from Calderon.

Which things are an Allegory.



HONEY in the lion's mouth,
Emblem mystical, Divine,
How the sweet and strong combine ;
Cloven Rock for Israel's drouth ;
Treasure-house of golden grain,
By our Joseph laid in store,
In His brethren's famine sore
Freely to dispense again ;
Dew on Gideon's snowy fleece ;
Well from bitter changed to sweet ;
Shewbread laid in order meet ;
Bread whose cost doth ne'er increase,
Though no rain in April fall ;
Horeb's Manna, freely given,
Showered in white dew from Heaven,
Marvellous, Angelical ;

The Oblation.

Weightiest Bunch of Canaan's Vine ;
Cake to strengthen and sustain
Through long days of desert pain ;
Salem's monarch's Bread and Wine :—
Thou the Antidote shall be
Of my sickness and my sin,
Consolation, Medicine,
Life and Sacrament to me.





PART III.

THE CONSECRATION.

Sequence of S. Thomas Aquinas.

Lauda, Sion, Salvatorem.



AUD, O Sion, thy Salvation,
Laud, with hymns of exultation,
CHRIST, thy King and Shepherd
true ;

Bring Him all the praise thou
knowest ;

He is more than thou bestowest ;

Never canst thou reach His due.

Special theme for glad thanksgiving
Is the Living and Life-giving

Bread, to-day before thee set ;

From His Hands of old partaken

As we know by faith unshaken,

Where the Twelve at supper met.

The Consecration.

Full and clear ring out thy chanting,
Joy nor sweetest grace be wanting,
From thy heart let praises burst ;
For to-day the Feast is holden
When the Institution olden
Of that Supper is rehearsed.

Here the new Law's new Oblation
By the new King's Revelation
Ends the form of ancient Rite ;
Now the New the old effaces,
Truth away the shadow chases,
Light dispels the gloom of night.

What He did, at supper seated,
CHRIST ordained to be repeated,
His Memorial ne'er to cease ;
And His Rule for guidance taking,
Bread and Wine we hallow, making
Thus our Sacrifice of Peace.

Wondrous truth by Christians learnèd,
Bread into His FLESH is turnèd,
Into Precious BLOOD the Wine ;
Sight hath failed, nor thought conceiveth,
But a dauntless faith believeth,
Resting on a Power Divine.

Who so of this Food partaketh
Rendeth not the LORD, nor breaketh ;
CHRIST is Whole to all that taste ;

Thousands are, as one, receivers ;
One, as thousands of believers,
Eats of Him Who cannot waste.

Bad and good the Feast are sharing ;
Oh, what diverse dooms preparing,
Endless death, or endless Life :
Life to these, to those damnation :
See how like participation
Is with unlike issues rife.

When the Sacrament is broken,
Doubt not, but believe 'tis spoken,
That each severed outward Token
Doth the very Whole contain :
Nought the precious Gift divideth,
Breaking but the Sign betideth,
JESUS still the same abideth,
Still Unbroken doth remain.

Lo, the Angels' FOOD is given
To the pilgrim who hath striven ;
See the children's Bread from Heaven
Which on dogs may not be spent :
Truth the ancient Types fulfilling,
Isaac bound, a Victim willing ;
Paschal Lamb, its Life-blood spilling ;
Manna, to the Fathers sent.

Very Bread, Good Shepherd, tend us,
JESU, of Thy Love befriend us ;

The Consecration.

Thou refresh us, Thou defend us,
 Thine eternal Goodness send us
 In the land of Life to see :
 Thou, Who all things canst and knowest,
 Who on earth such Food bestowest,
 Grant us with Thy Saints, though lowest,
 Where the Heavenly Feast Thou showest,
 Fellow heirs and guests to be.

Corpus Christi.

*O come, let us worship, and fall down, and kneel before
 the LORD our Maker.*



JESUS, my LORD, my GOD, my All,
 How can I love Thee as I ought,
 And how revere this wondrous Gift,
 So far surpassing hope or thought ?
 Sweet Sacrament, we Thee adore ;
 Oh, make us love Thee more and more.

Had I but Mary's sinless heart
 To love Thee with, my dearest King,
 Oh, with what bursts of fervent praise
 Thy Goodness, JESUS, would I sing.
 Sweet Sacrament, we Thee adore ;
 Oh, make us love Thee more and more.

Ah, see, within a creature's hand
 The vast Creator deigns to be,

Reposing infant-like, as though
On Joseph's arm, or Mary's knee.
Sweet Sacrament, we Thee adore ;
Oh, make us love Thee more and more.

Thy BODY, SOUL, and GODHEAD, all,
O Mystery of Love Divine,
I cannot compass all I have,
For all Thou hast and art are mine.
Sweet Sacrament, we Thee adore ;
Oh, make us love Thee more and more.

Sound, sound His praises higher still,
And come, ye Angels, to our aid,
'Tis GOD, 'tis GOD, the Very GOD,
Whose Power both men and Angels made.
Sweet Sacrament, we Thee adore ;
Oh, make us love Thee more and more.

Ring joyously, ye solemn bells,
And wave, oh, wave, ye censers bright,
'Tis JESUS cometh, Mary's SON,
And GOD of GOD, and Light of Light.
Sweet Sacrament, we Thee adore ;
Oh, make us love Thee more and more.

O earth, grow flowers beneath His Feet,
And thou, O sun, shine bright this day,
He comes, He comes, oh, Heaven on earth,
Our JESUS comes upon His Way.
Sweet Sacrament, we Thee adore ;
Oh, make us love Thee more and more.

The Consecration.

He comes, He comes, the LORD of Hosts,
 Borne on His Throne triumphantly ;
 We see Thee, and we know Thee, LORD,
 And yearn to shed our blood for Thee.
 Sweet Sacrament, we Thee adore ;
 Oh, make us love Thee more and more.

Our hearts leap up ; our trembling song
 Grows fainter still ; we can no more :
 Silence, and let us weep—and die
 Of very love, while we adore.
 Great Sacrament of Love Divine,
 All, all we have or are be Thine.

Anima Christi.

Anima CHRISTI, sanctifica me.



SOUL of JESU, make me holy,
 Make me contrite, meek, and lowly ;
 SOUL most Stainless, SOUL Divine,
 Cleanse this sordid Soul of mine ;
 Hallow this polluted Soul,
 Purify it, make it whole ;
 SOUL of JESUS, hallow me ;
 Miserere DOMINE.

Save me, BODY of my LORD,
 Save a sinner vile, abhorred ;

Sacred BODY, wan and worn,
Bruised and mangled, scourged and torn,
Pierced Hands, and Feet, and Side,
Rent, insulted, crucified,
Save me—to the Crofs I flee ;
Miserere DOMINE.

BLOOD of JESUS, Stream of Life,
Sacred Stream with Blessings rise,
From that Broken BODY shed
On the Crofs that Altar dread ;
Given to be our Drink Divine,
Fill my heart, and make it Thine ;
BLOOD of CHRIST, my succour be ;
Miserere DOMINE.

Holy Water, Stream that poured
From Thy riven Side, O LORD,
Wash Thou me without, within ;
Cleanse me from the taint of sin,
Till my Soul is clean and white,
Bathed, and purified, and bright,
As a ransomed Soul should be ;
Miserere DOMINE.

JESU, by the wondrous Power
Of Thine awful Passion hour,
By the unimagined Woe
Mortal man may never know ;
By the Curse upon Thee laid,

The Consecration.

By the Ransom Thou hast paid,
By Thy Passion comfort me ;
Miserere DOMINE.

JESU, by Thy bitter Death,
By Thy last expiring Breath,
Give me the eternal Life
Purchased by that mortal Strife ;
Thou didst suffer Death, that I
Might not die eternally ;
By Thy Dying quicken me ;
Miserere DOMINE.

Miserere ; let me be
Never parted, LORD, from Thee ;
Guard me from my ruthless foe,
Save me from eternal Woe ;
In the dreadful Judgment Day
Be Thy Cross my hope and stay ;
When the hour of death is near,
And my Spirit faints for fear,
Call me with Thy Voice of Love,
Place me near to Thee above,
With Thine Angel Host to raise
An undying song of praise ;
Miserere DOMINE.

An Ancient Act of Adoration.

Ave! CHRISTI CORPUS Verum.



AIL ! O FLESH of CHRIST Divine,
Hail ! O sweet and ruddy Wine,
BLOOD the Cup and FLESH the Meat,
And in each is CHRIST complete.

This is He, the Bridegroom, dight
In His Vesture red and white ;
White, for Him a Virgin bore,
Red, for He His BLOOD did pour.

By the Wounds, and stripes, and scorn,
By the Passion Thou hast borne,
Hear us, JESU, when we call,
From destruction save us all.

A Sequence of the xvi. Century.

Laureata Plebs fidelis.



OW let the Faithful come, with joy re-
vering
The Sacramental CHRIST this day,
Rendering the most high King meet
praise, and wearing,
Through Him, the conqueror's bay.

The Consecration.

What if the place whence He rules all be Heaven?

Oh, He deigns elsewhere to abide,
And day by day to loving hearts is given,
He, Who was crucified.

Behold the Price, which bought the holy Nation,

The Grace which speaks of Grace to come,
And all the Virtue of His sacred Passion

Have here this earthly Germ :
All Gifts are here to give the which He suffered,
All Gifts with which the DOVE came down ;
Therefore aright the Sacrifice be offered,
Of all the Fruit and Crown.

This did men see far off, and died confessing,

This did Melchizedek declare,
Offering the Bread of Life and Wine of Blessing
To GOD, before they were ;
And erst they slew a Lamb, the time foreshowing
When that Lamb's slaughter should give place
(The BLOOD of CHRIST, world-cleansing Stream,
fast flowing)

Unto the True LAMB's Grace.

One link yet more 'twixt men whom ages sever,

'Tis Manna, Bread sent down to tell
The WORD made FLESH should be made Food
for ever
To the true Israel :

Sacramental Hymn.

III

That Bread was food of time, This is Eternal :
That came the flesh alone to feed,
But This is Life and Health and Joy supernal ;
This Cup is Drink indeed.

Lo, without price abundant Peace is given,
The poor and needy here may come ;
O happy Feast for citizens of Heaven,
Lead, through the strange land, home ;
O Path of Life, Refreshment never cloying,
O CHRIST, Perennial Light, give Life ;
Lo, our part be with Souls the Bliss enjoying
In Thy clear Vision rife.

Give us Thyself. Thou art the Wave Immortal,
The Fruitful Vine, the Living Bread ;
So at the last we miss not Sion's portal,
We would be cleansed and fed :
It is Thy Death which in these Gifts is speaking,
Oh, may we list to It alone,
And we shall find the Country we are seeking,
We shall be nigh Thy Throne.

Sacramental Hymn.

He that eateth Me, the same shall live by Me.



GOD, Unseen, yet ever near,
Thy Presence may we feel ;
And, thus inspired with holy fear,
Before Thine Altar kneel.

The Consecration.

Here may Thy faithful People know
The Blessings of Thy Love,
The Streams that through the desert flow,
The Manna from above.

We come, obedient to Thy Word,
To feast on Heavenly Food ;
Our Meat, the BODY of the LORD,
Our Drink, His Precious BLOOD.

Thus may we all Thy Words obey,
For we, O GOD, are Thine ;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with Strength Divine.

A Hymn attributed to S. Anselm.

CHRISTI CORPUS, *Ave!*



HAIL! FLESH of CHRIST, of Holy Virgin
born ;

Hail! Undivided DEITY,
The Way, the Life, the Health of man
forlorn,

Set us from all ill free.

Hail! BLOOD of CHRIST, most holy Drink of
Heaven,

Mighty to wash away all stain ;

Hail! BLOOD, Which flowed forth when the Side
was riven

Upon the Cross of pain.

An Ancient Eucharistic Prayer.

*My FLESH is Meat indeed, and My BLOOD is Drink
indeed.*



LIVING Bread from Heaven,
To weary pilgrims given,
Angelic sustenance ;
Celestial Food, I need Thee,
Thou, Thou alone canst feed me ;
My Life comes only thence.

O Fount of Love abounding,
My wondering thoughts confounding,
I come to taste Thy stream ;
From His warm Heart that's bleeding,
To give me what is needing
To quicken, cheer, redeem.

O JESU, here Thou'rt hidden,
Here now, as I am bidden,
By faith I feast on Thee ;
Oh, let the clouds concealing,
Soon melt away, revealing
The God I long to see.

To GOD our Great Creator,
To GOD, Who took our nature,
To GOD the Holy DOVE,

I .

The Consecration.

The THREE in ONE, be given
Eternal praise in Heaven
And earth, in songs of Love.

Christ our High Priest and Sacrifice.

Mundus effusus Redemptus.



ING, O earth, for thy redemption,
Lo, His race of torment run,
CHRIST the Sanctuary enters,
Priest and Victim both in One ;
There to make our peace with God,
By th' Oblation of His BLOOD.

Guilty, for the guilty pleading,
Legal Priest, thy task is o'er ;
Goats and oxen—empty shadows—
There is need of you no more ;
Not such feeble things as these
Could an Angry God appease.

Hail to Thee, High Priest eternal ;
Priest without a spot of sin ;
Veiled of old in mystic figures,
Holy, Infinite, Divine ;
Thou art He Whose BLOOD alone
Can for human guilt atone.

The Unsearchable Riches of Christ. 115

Thou, of Life the LORD Anointed,
Led to Thy self-chosen doom,
That same Flesh which Thou hast moulded
In Thy Virgin Mother's Womb,
Offereſt on the Holy Rood,
Man for man, and GOD to GOD.

While the rage of Thy tormentors
In its very fury blind,
As from Thy pure Veins it madly
Pours the Ransom of mankind,
Does but work Thy own Decree,
Fixed from all Eternity.

The Unsearchable Riches of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament.

*The LORD is my ſtony Rock, and my Defence, my SAVIOUR,
my GOD, and my Might in Whom I will truſt, my
Buckler, the Horn alſo of my Salvation, and my
Refuge.*



SWEET Sacrament Divine,
Hid in Thine earthly Home,
Lo, round Thy lowly Shrine,
With ſuppliant hearts we come ;

JESUS, to Thee our voice we raiſe,
In Songs of love and heartfelt praiſe,
Sweet Sacrament Divine.

Sweet Sacrament of Peace,
Dear Home for every heart,

The Consecration.

Where restless yearnings cease,
And sorrows all depart ;
There in Thine Ear, all trustfully,
We tell our tale of misery,
Sweet Sacrament of Peace.

Sweet Sacrament of Rest,
Ark from the ocean's roar,
Within Thy Shelter blest,
Soon may we reach the shore ;
Save us, for still the tempest raves,
Save, lest we sink beneath the waves,
Sweet Sacrament of Rest.

Sweet Sacrament Divine,
Earth's Light and Jubilee,
In Thy far depths doth shine
Thy GODHEAD's Majesty ;
Sweet Light, so shine on us, we pray,
That earthly joys may fade away,
Sweet Sacrament Divine.

Processional Hymn of S. Thomas Aquinas, for Maundy Thursday.

Pange Lingua Gloriosi CORPORIS.



OW my tongue the Mystery telling,
Of the Glorious Body sing,
And the BLOOD, all price excelling,
Which the Gentiles' LORD and
KING,

In a Virgin's Womb once dwelling,
Shed for this world's ransoming.

Given for us, and condescending
To be born for us below,
He with men in converse blending
Dwelt, the seed of Truth to sow,
Till He closed with wondrous ending
His most patient Life of woe.

That last night, at Supper lying,
'Mid the Twelve, His chosen band,
Jesus, with the Law complying,
Keeps the feast its rites demand ;
Then, more Precious Food supplying,
Gives Himself with His own Hand.

WORD-MADE-FLESH true Bread He maketh
By His Word His FLESH to be ;
Wine, His BLOOD, Which whoſo taketh
Muſt from carnal thoughts be free ;
Faith alone, though ſight forſaketh,
Shows true hearts the Myſtery.

Therefore we, before Him bending,
This great Sacrament revere ;
Types and ſhadows have their ending,
For the newer Rite is here ;
Faith, our outward ſenſe befriending,
Makes our inward viſion clear.

The Consecration.

Glory let us give, and Blessing
 To the FATHER and the SON,
 Honour, Might, and Praise addressing,
 While eternal ages run ;
 Ever too, His Love confessing,
 Who from BOTH with BOTH is ONE.

An Eucharistic Hymn of the xv. Century.

Ave ! Rex, Qui descendisti.



AIL ! O King, Who hither wendedst
 From the skies, and condescendedst
 In a fleshly form to dwell :
 Hail ! O BODY True and Holy,
 Of a Virgin pure and lowly
 Born, to crush the might of Hell.

Hail ! O WORD, Incarnate truly,
 Virgin-born, before Whom duly
 We in faith undoubting fall :
 Hail to Thee ! Who, scourged in malice,
 Drankest of the bitter Chalice,
 Mingled vinegar and gall.

Hail to Thee ! Who didst not falter
 On the Cross's mournful Altar,
 Dying there in sharpest pain :

A Prayer after Consecration. 119

Hail to Thee ! Whose one Oblation
Saved the world from condemnation,
Burst the gates of Hell in twain.

Hail ! Thou Brightness ever glorious,
Hail ! Thou FLESH of CHRIST victorious,
Flower and Fruit of Virgin Womb,
Hail ! Thou Bread by Angels sharèd,
Hail ! Thou Light for Saints preparèd,
Saviour of the World from doom.

Hail ! Thou meek Redeemer, sending
Mercies to us never-ending,
Thou who soothest hapless men :
Hail ! O CHRIST, the FATHER's Splendour,
Grant, I pray, Thy Mercy tender,
Now and evermore.

**A Prayer after Consecration, of the
xii. Century.**

Salve ! Sancta CARO DEI.



SACRED FLESH of GOD, by Whom
Guilty men are saved from doom,
Setting us Thy servants free,
When Thou hangedst on the tree.

Piercèd BODY, issuing thence,
Water cleansed from that offence
Done by disobedient man,
When creation first began.

The Consecration.

Wash me in the healing Flood,
Sacred BODY, of Thy BLOOD;
Cleanse Thou me from every stain,
Rescue me from endless pain.

Me of Thy great Goodness bless
With eternal Happiness;
By Thy Sanctity made whole,
Strengthen and sustain my Soul.

Make mine enemies to fall,
Into friends convert them all;
King of Angels, crush their pride,
And their hatred turn aside.

Thou, Who art of Life the Door,
With Thy BODY me restore;
Thou in death's extremest hour
Save me by Thy mighty Power,
From the roaring lion's wrath,
From the strength the dragon hath;
Give, with Faith and Hope unfailing,
Charity o'er all prevailing.

A Litany of Jesus, Present in the Blessed Sacrament.

I am Thy Servant.



LORD, my King and Master Thou,
To Whom the choirs of Angels bow,
Before Thine Altar prostrate now;
My JESU, look on me.

Thou, with Thine own most Precious BLOOD,
Hast bought me for Thyself, my GOD ;
Thine easy Yoke, is all my load ;
My JESU, give it me.

I love it, LORD ; it is my choice
To follow Thee, and know Thy Voice ;
In this blest slavery, I rejoice ;
My JESU, bind Thou me.

Bind me eternally to Thee,
With bonds, which only bind to free,
Let cords of Love my fetters be ;
My JESU, draw Thou me.

Thine am I, LORD, for ever Thine ;
I to Thy Majesty Divine
All that I am, or have, resign ;
My JESU, reign in me.

Lo, at Thy Feet, I wait Thy Will,
Let that alone my being fill,
All earthly passions calm and still ;
My JESU, work in me.

Each thought to Thee, my Sovereign dear,
Subdue ; let nought of earth draw near ;
In silence I Thy Voice would hear ;
My JESU, speak in me.

Here, in Thy Blessed Sacrament,
With eye, and ear, and heart attent,
I wait Thy Grace's blest descent ;
My JESU, visit me.

The Consecration.

My LORD and Master, can it be
That Thou shouldst gird Thyself, on me
To wait, in Thy Humility ;

My JESU, humble me.

Nay, more, Thyself the Very Bread
Wherewith Thine ingrate slave is fed,
Oh, who can such a service dread ?

My JESU, feed Thou me.

Adorable and gracious King,
My heart is all I have to bring,
Spurn not th' unworthy offering ;

My JESU, own Thou me.

Oh, make it cleave to Thee alway,
So in Thine awful Reckoning Day,
Thou to this humbling Soul mayst say—

My JESU, grant it me.

Well done, My Servant, good and true ;
Enter the Joy prepared for you,
Joy, that earth's thralldom never knew—

My JESU, claim Thou me.

My LORD, one boon I ask of Thee—
Oh, let this feeble service be
Perfected in Eternity ;

My JESU, ever rule Thou me.

The Rhyme of S. Thomas Aquinas.

Adoro Te devote, Latens DEITAS.



GODHEAD Hid, devoutly I adore
Thee,
Who truly art within the Forms before
me ;

To Thee my heart I bow with bended knee,
As failing quite in contemplating Thee.

JESU, eternal Shepherd, hear our cry ;
Increase the faith of all whose Souls on Thee rely.

Sight, touch, and taste in Thee are each deceived ;
The ear alone most safely is believed ;
I believe all the SON of GOD hath spoken,
Than Truth's own Word there is no surer token.

JESU, eternal Shepherd, hear our cry ;
Increase the faith of all whose Souls on Thee rely.

GOD only on the Crofs lay hid from view ;
But here, lies hid at once the MANHOOD too ;
And I, in both professing my belief,
Make the same prayer as the repentant thief.

JESU, eternal Shepherd, hear our cry ;
Increase the faith of all whose Souls on Thee rely.

Thy Wounds, as Thomas saw, I do not see ;
Yet Thee confess, my LORD and GOD to be :

The Consecration.

Make me believe Thee ever more and more ;
In Thee my hope, in Thee my love to store.

JESU, eternal Shepherd, hear our cry,
Increase the faith of all whose Souls on Thee rely.

O Thou Memorial of our LORD's own Dying,
O Living Bread, to mortals Life supplying,
Make Thou my Soul henceforth on Thee to live ;
Ever a taste of Heavenly sweetness give.

JESU, eternal Shepherd, hear our cry ;
Increase the faith of all whose Souls on Thee rely.

O loving Pelican, O JESU, LORD,
Unclean I am, but cleanse me in Thy BLOOD ;
Of Which a single Drop, for sinners spilt,
Can purge the entire world from all its guilt.

JESU, eternal Shepherd, hear our cry ;
Increase the faith of all whose Souls on Thee rely.

JESU, Whom for the present Veiled I see,
What I so thirst for, oh, vouchsafe to me ;
That I may see Thy Countenance unfolding,
And may be blest Thy Glory in beholding.

JESU, eternal Shepherd, hear our cry ;
Increase the faith of all whose Souls on Thee rely.

An Ancient Act of Adoration.

Ave ! CARO CHRISTI Cara.

HAIL ! FLESH of CHRIST, Beloved Ob-
lation,
Sacrifice for our Salvation,
On the Cross a Victim slain :
Oh, by that, Thy Death of sadness,
Raise us decked in light and gladness,
With Thee glorified to reign.

Hail ! WORD Incarnate, Which Divinest,
Hallowed on the Altar shinest ;
Bread of Angels Ever-living,
Health and Hope to mortals giving,
Antidote, all guilt relieving.
Hail ! Thou BODY of CHRIST JESUS,
Heaven-descended to release us,
Thy redeemed from ruin buying,
On the Cross when nailed and dying.

The Pledge of Immortality.

*My FLESH is Meat indeed, and My BLOOD is
Drink indeed.*

BREAD of the World, in Mercy broken,
Wine of the World, in Mercy shed,
By Whom the Words of Life were
spoken,
And in Whose Death our sins are dead ;

The Consecration.

Look on the heart, by sorrow broken,
 Look on the tears, by sinners shed,
 And be Thy Feast to us the Token
 That by Thy Grace our Souls are fed.

A Prayer, after Consecration, of the xv. Century.

Ave! Verbum Incarnatum.



AIL! Holy FLESH of JESUS CHRIST,
 Upon the Altar lying,
 Last Gift of the Incarnate WORD
 Before His precious Dying.

Hail! Living BREAD of Angels bright,
 Who wrought'st Redemption's story,
 Thou Hope of each one named from Thee,
 We give Thee thanks and glory.

Eucharistic Meditation.

This is My BODY. This is My BLOOD.



HOLY JESUS, we believe
 That Thou art Present here,
 With heart and Soul we surely know
 Our Dearest LORD is near;
 For, though Thy Blessed Presence
 Is not visibly revealed,

Faith tells us, in these Sacred Forms,
Thou art indeed concealed :
On bended knee then let us pray
That Thou mayst be adored
For aye, in Thy Dread Eucharist,
O Thou most Gracious LORD.

How great should be our reverence,
How great the love and fear,
With which, to this High Sacrament
In faith we should draw near ;
Our hearts should be all purified,
From earthly care set free,
Feeling their own unworthiness,
And full of love for Thee ;
O Thou, our own Beloved LORD,
Our SAVIOUR, and our Friend,
Look down with Thine All-pitying Eye,
On us Thy Blessing send.

We know our sins are manifold,
Yet still to Thee we fly,
Trusting that in Thy Mercy great
Thou wilt receive our cry ;
For where else can we hope to find
Forgiveness full and free,
Except in Thine own Sacraments,
When, LORD, we come to Thee ?
Then, JESU, Priest and Shepherd True,
Grant Pardon, when we stray

The Consecration.

Without Thy Flock, of which Thou art
The Life, the Truth, the Way.

And when our hearts bowed down with woe,
Nor rest nor comfort find,
We come to Thee, O SAVIOUR Dear,
Of Comforters most kind ;
For, when Thou givest us Thyself,
O Precious Bread of Life,
In wondering awe we muse not on
Our Soul's most bitter strife,
Feeling that Thou dost then abide
In us, Thou Prince of Peace ;
And that Thy Blessed Presence, LORD,
Hath caused our grief to cease.

So too, when some bright beam of joy,
E'en though of earth it be,
Lights up our star of hope, then, LORD,
We gladly fly to Thee,
Knowing that Thou, most Pitiful,
Hast sent this gladsome ray
To shed a brightness o'er our path
Which cheers our onward way ;
LORD JESU, bless our earthly joys,
Thou, Who our woes hast healed,
And be Thou, in our hopes and fears,
Our Helper and our Shield.

When death is drawing near, and when
In dread our Spirits fail,

LORD JESU, still abide with us
 Through the dark gloomy Vale ;
 In Thy most Blessed Eucharist,
 Give us Thyself once more,
 That in the Strength of that Sweet Food,
 Our life's sad journey o'er,
 We may the Heavenly City reach,
 Where, freed from all alarms,
 Our Souls shall find eternal Rest
 In Thy Almighty Arms.

An Act of Adoration to the Body of Christ,
 of the xiv. Century.

Ave! CARO CHRISTI Cara.



HAILE! FLESH of CHRIST ; hail ! Sweet-
 est Food,
 Upon the Altar of the Rood
 A Sacred Victim laid ;
 By that Thy Passion grant us Grace
 To dwell with Thee in that fair Place,
 Where Light shall never fade.

Hail ! Very BODY of the LORD,
 Who, man's Salvation to afford,
 Didst hang upon the Tree ;
 Oh, save us from the pains of hell,
 Most High Creator, Who dost dwell
 A Priest eternally.

K

Hail! JESU, hail! O living Bread,
Whereon our fainting Souls are fed,
Both Truth and Way Thou art;
Be present now, to heal and bless,
And in Thy perfect Holiness
Give us to have our part.

Hail! Banquet of the Angel Host,
Dear Solace of the tempest-tost,
Who makest all things new;
Our earnest pleadings deign to hear,
Breathe on these hearts, so hard and sore,
Thy SPIRIT'S gracious Dew.

Hail! GOD, beneath this Veil concealed,
In Heaven all gloriously revealed,
Where shadows flee away;
We pray Thee, shield us from our foe,
And give us once that Peace to know
Which never can decay.

Hail! Sacred Drops of JESU'S BLOOD,
That open unto men the road
High Heaven to attain;
Behold, O LORD, our sin we own,
Plead Thou before our FATHER'S Throne,
Our pardon to obtain.

Hail! Draught of Life, and Health, and Joy
All Sweetness that shall never cloy,
All Virtue in Thee lies;

O Blessed CHRIST, be Merciful,
Grant us forgiveness free and full,
Who, Dead, for us didst rise.

Hail ! Heavenly Splendour, WORD of GOD,
Flower and Fruit of Aaron's Rod,
Thou Finger of the LORD,
Oh, let us not be cast away ;
Where Thou art throned in endless day,
A place to us afford.

Hail ! Sacred FLESH of CHRIST, that bore
All Agony and Passion sore
To shield us from our sin ;
Thou with the wicked mad'st Thy Grave,
Dear LORD, our sinful Souls to save,
And Heaven for us to win.

Manna most hidden, most Divine,
Upon us bid Thy Mercy shine,
Oh, hear Thy Saints' desire ;
Set us, absolved and purified,
And blessed and crowned and glorified,
Amid th' Angelic Choir.

The Fountain of Life.

*Whosoever drinketh of the Water that I shall give him,
shall never thirst.*



DROOP—oh, give me of the crystal
Stream

Which flows in ever-blooming Ama-
ranth bowers ;

The Fount immortal, whose transparent waves
Reflect bright Angel faces 'midst the flowers ;
That fairest Stream o'erflows with Wisdom's
richest ore—

Oh, waft one priceless Drop, and Strength for
evermore.

I droop—sustain me, blessed Fount of Life ;
Bid deepening shadows of the night depart ;
Give Peace and Courage to the wavering mind,
And Faith and Hope unto the sinking heart.
O blessed, fragrant River, o'er the weary head
May guardian Angel hands one Drop pel-
lucid shed.

I droop—Redeemer, only Fount of Joy,
From Thee alone the living Waters flow ;
Give one sweet Drop to cool life's burning pain,
There is no healing spring on earth below :
They search in vain for aid, who search for
aught but Thee,
Thou art the Way, the Truth, in all Eternity.

The Reward of Perseverance.

*Sæpe corde tepido et arido accedimus, ad Altare
incumbimus.*



OFT when with icy heart, and dry
Affection's cold and tearless eye,
Barren as a desert, chilled as steel,
We at GOD's holy Altar kneel—

Still, while we persevere, and bear
With firm resolve, th' unlively prayer,
To holy sufferance will come
An Answer from our Heavenly home.

For oft amid the weary crush,
The springs of Grace, with sudden rush,
Will overspread the rocky breast
With verdure new and dews of rest,
Filling the longing heart's distress
With floods of love and happiness,
One draft of which will countervail
Long days of want, and nights of wail.

Ah, ye who sit beneath the cloud,
And mourn for absence, deep, not loud,
Know this, that he who meekly bows—
And silent, grieves his absent Spouse—
One unexpected day shall feel
How good it was for him to kneel,

The Consecration.

And mourn a temporary loss,
Under the shadow of the Cross.

For ah, what words of best desire,
What eloquence or Angel fire,
May tell the length, or breadth, or height,
The richness of extreme Delight,
Reserved for him, who meekly bends,
Rather for Love, than lively ends,
Who, unrequited, perseveres,
And labours still, albeit in tears.

The Priest and the Altar.

Jam satis fluxit cruor hostiarum.



ENOUGH the blood of victims flowed of
old,
The shadows pass, and legal offer-
ings;
Now higher Ministries, Thou, LORD, dost mould,
On which a holier shade Thy Priesthood flings.

Elias from the Heavens called down the flame;
One Greater than Elias, hid from sight,
Is here, obedient to His awful Name;
Of Him we make the dread memorial Rite.

Great Office, the mysterious Cup to bear,
In which the guilty world's Salvation lies,

The Blessed Sacrament.

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And with our trembling hands, full of deep fear,
To offer up the Bloodless Sacrifice.

Oh, more than all to ancient Prophets given,
More than to Angels, if but understood,
That in our trembling hands the GOD of Heaven
Doth give Himself to be our Spirits' Food.

Grant, CHRIST, that we, fulfilling Thy Commands,
Of Thy blest Presence may approach the Seat,
With hearts by Thee made pure, and holy hands;
May Love for Thy dread Altars make us meet.

SON of th' Eternal FATHER, GOD above,
May all the world beneath Thy Feet adore,
Who sendest down the SPIRIT, with Thy Love
Thy Priesthood to anoint for evermore.

The Blessed Sacrament.

Our GOD is a consuming Fire.



JESUS, Who for us hast died,
The BLOOD flows ever from Thy Side,
For Thou art ever crucified,
O burning Love.

By Priestly hands Thy BLOOD is poured,
Upon the Altar, long and broad,
Where Thou art evermore ardored,
O burning Love.

And on that Altar, day by day,
Thy Love holds on its shining way,
And sheds an ever brightening ray,
O burning Love.

Thy Sacrifice can never cease,
Till all is rest, and joy, and peace,
In the triumphant world of Grace,
O burning Love.

And on the Altar is our Food,
Purchased for us, by Thine Own BLOOD,
When Mary by the Cross once stood ;
O burning Love.

Thousands of faithful hearts adore,
Where Thou art shrined for evermore,
A Beacon on a stormy shore,
O burning Love.

Thy Tabernacle's sun goes down,
When each Elect has won his Crown,
And all Thy mighty Love is shown,
O burning Love.

Then, not till then, that burning Light
Goes down beneath the waters bright,
But there is Day, and no more night,
O ever burning, burning Love.

The two great Gifts of Christ.

*This is My Body.
Behold thy Mother.*

BEHOLD thy Mother—from the Cross
He gave her—not to one alone :
We are His Brethren ; unto us
He gave a Mother, as to John.

Behold the greatest Gift of CHRIST,
Save That wherein HIMSELF He gives,
The Wonder-working Eucharist,
Sole Life of each that truly lives.

Mysterious Bread, not joined and knit
With him that eats, like mortal food ;
But, fire-like, joining him with It,
And blending with the Church of GOD.

Mary ! from thee the SAVIOUR took
That FLESH He gives. The Mercies twain,
Like streams of a divided brook,
But separate to meet again.

The Cross of Jesus, the Fount of All
Blessing.

*Crux Tua, Bone JESU, omnium Fons Benedictionum,
omnium Gratiarum Causa.*



AIL to the holy Cross! Sweet JESUS,
Hail to the loved and saving Sign!
From whence all Virtue comes to ease us,
Whence Virtue flows and Might
Divine.

Hail to the Cross! Fount of all Blessings,
Whence Grace descends in copious flood;
Worthy alone of all caressings,
Hail to thee, loved and sacred Wood!

Hail to the holy Cross! that giveth
Virtue, and Strength, and loving Faith;
Hail to the Cross! that ever liveth,
Singing Life's triumph over death.

Hail to the Cross! from whence went raying,
Athwart o'er earth, Love's holy flame;
Thy banner o'er its heights displaying,
And reaping Glory from its shame.

Hail to the holy Cross! rejected
Albeit, and scorned by worldly pride;
Yet by Almighty Love elected
To be the meek and humble's guide.

Hail to the holy Crofs ! affliction
Sinks not the heart, nor bids it qualm ;
For thou, sweet Fount of Benediction,
Art near to pour the healing Balm.

Hail to thee, holy Crofs of ages !
That bids attempered sorrow fall ;
Before thy foot, no tempest rages,
No storms oppress, no passions thrall.

Hail to the holy Crofs ! that bringest
From weakness strength, from sorrow, ease ;
With more than eagle power that wingest
Thy flight from earth to Heavenly Peace.

Hail ! Ark of Peace, on Thee confiding,
Fierce winds may blow, wild waves may toss ;
For I am safe, by thee abiding,
Sweet JESUS, here, before Thy Face.

Hymn of the xiv. Century.

CHRISTUS, *Lux indeficiens.*



CHRIST, the Light that knows no
waning,
Gives to us His FLESH as Food,
Drink He gives us also, deigning
To refresh us with His BLOOD.

The Consecration.

CHRIST, Thou Radiance ever glowing,
Who upon the Cross didst bleed,
Light on all Thy Saints bestowing,
With Thyself Thy Flock dost feed.

FLESH, Which we are now receiving,
Of a Virgin took the **WORD**,
And the **BLOOD** we drink, believing
He for sinful man outpoured.

In this Rite, our Souls to nourish,
To the **WORD** made **FLESH** we come ;
Hence, our faith in strength doth flourish ;
Hence, we reach our Heavenly home.

Bread of Sweetness, ever holy,
Full art Thou of pure Delight ;
SAVIOUR, born of Maiden lowly,
King art Thou of perfect Might.

May we ever eat in gladness
Of this rich, Angelic Bread ;
May we, in death's hour of sadness,
With this sweetest Gift be fed.

He was, at the third day-hour,
Led a Victim forth to die,
When He bare His Cross of Power,
His Elect to raise on high.

Lead us, Giver of Salvation,
To our Home Thyself beside,

Where eternal Jubilation
Dwelleth through the LAMB that died.

Evermore we there the story
Of Thy wondrous Deeds will raise,
Reigning with Thy Saints in Glory,
We will offer gifts of praise.

Sacrifice and hymns in union,
GOD, we bring this festal day ;
May He with Divine Communion
Feed us in His Love for aye.

The pleading Presence of Christ in Heaven.

*This MAN, because He continueth ever, bath an
unchangeable Priesthood.*



AIL to GOD's True BODY !
Of Virgin Mary sprung,
Truly for us offered,
On Crofs of anguish hung,
Whose dear Side was truly
By spear enforced to bleed ;
In our latest conflict
Upon Thee let us feed.

Once for all, O JESU,
Thou wast a Victim made ;
Still in Heaven Thou pleadest,
In FLESH and BLOOD displayed ;

The Consecration.

But though round this Altar
Nought of Heaven appear,
Thy strong Word and Action
Doth make Thee Present here.

In very Life and Essence
Thou dost Thy Word fulfil,
Who, where'soe'er Thou livest,
Art Mediator still;
O qui peccata tollis,
To Thee our greetings rise—
All hail! the pleading Presence,
All hail! the Sacrifice.

The Bread becomes Thy BODY,
The Wine becomes Thy BLOOD,
And both, O Love Incarnate,
Are our Life-giving Food.
What Thou to GOD presentest,
To sinners Thou dost give,
So, bending to adore Thee,
We eat, and drink, and live.

Prayer to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

*Remember me, O LORD, according to the Favour that
Thou bearest unto Thy People.*



JESU CHRIST, remember,
When Thou shalt come again,
Upon the clouds of Heaven,
With all Thy shining Train;

When every eye shall see Thee
 In DEITY revealed
 Who now upon this Altar
 In silence art concealed ;
 Remember then, O SAVIOUR,
 I supplicate of Thee,
 That here I bowed before Thee,
 Upon my bended knee ;
 That here I owned Thy Presence,
 And did not Thee deny,
 And glorified Thy Greatness,
 Though hid from human eye.
 Accept, Divine Redeemer,
 The homage of my praise ;
 Be Thou the Light, and Honour,
 And Glory of my days.
 Be Thou my Consolation
 When death is drawing nigh ;
 Be Thou my only Treasure
 Through all Eternity.

A Sequence of the xvi. Century.

Ave ! CARO CHRISTI.



OLY FLESH of CHRIST our King,
 Thee, Adorable, we sing ;
 In the New Law's happy Vale,
 Pasture of the true Flock, hail !
 Pure and spotless be the breast
 Where Thou comest as the Guest ;

The Consecration.

Let the Faithful hourly say—
Thee we worship, Thee we pray.

Thee, the Church, Thy mystic Wife,
Worships as the BREAD of Life ;
Ransom, Guide, Redeemer, we
Covet blest Satiety ;
We, the sinners, need Thy Balm ;
We, the mourners, seek Thy Calm ;
Bring us out of life's lorn road
Into Glory, unto GOD.

The Altar Shade.

*A MAN shall be as a Covert from the tempest, as the
Shadow of a great Rock in a weary land.*



FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
LORD, to Thine Altar shade we fly ;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
SAVIOUR, we seek Thy Shelter here ;
Weary and weak, Thy Grace we pray ;
Turn not, O LORD, Thy Guests away.

Long have we roam'd in want and pain,
Long have we fought Thy Rest in vain ;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our Souls been tempest-tost ;
Low at Thy Feet our sins we lay ;
Turn not, O LORD, Thy Guests away.

An Ancient Act of Adoration.

CHRISTI CORPUS, *Ave!*



AIL! BODY, born of Mary,
Hail! CHRIST, Redeemer dear,
True MAN and perfect GODHEAD
And Living FLESH are here.

Hail! Thou, our true Salvation,
The Way, the Life, art Thou,
With Thy Right Hand of Power
Save us from evil now.

Hail! BLOOD of CHRIST, in Heaven
The Chalice of the blest,
The Water of Redemption
To cleanse the sinful breast.

Hail! BLOOD and saving Water,
That from the wounded Side
Of CHRIST, our dear Redeemer,
Flowed for us when He died.

An Eucharistic Prayer.

JESU, *nobis miserere.*



AIL! CHRIST's BODY, True and Real,
Of the Virgin Mary born,
Truly suffering, truly offered
On the Cross and hill of scorn.

L

Hail ! for man's Salvation pierced,
Gaping Wounds, and riven Side,
Whence outflowed with Love unstinting,
BLOOD and Water, mingled Tide.
Now upon that BODY feed we,
And of that sweet Fountain drink,
Lest when death relentless seize us,
'Neath the Judge's search we sink.

Loving, Gentle SON of Mary,
Never of our pardon weary,
JESU, nobis miserere.

Grant that as I see Thee now
Veiled beneath the Form of Bread,
When Thou com'st the Heaven to bow,
And to judge the quick and dead,
Freed by Thee from every fear,
I may then lift up my head,
Glad to know and see Thee near.

Hail ! O FLESH of CHRIST, the Victim
On the Altar of the Cross,
Offered to the FATHER's Justice,
Suff'ring to redeem our loss.
By Thy bitter Death redeemed,
May we all Thy Brightness see ;
Grant us glorious fruition
Of eternal Joy with Thee.

Hail ! Thou WORD of GOD Incarnate,
On Thine Altar Thee we seek,
Thee the loving Bread of Angels,
Health and Hope to sick and weak.

Thoughts upon the Real Presence. 147

JESU, hail! from Heaven descending,
On the Cross Thine Arms extending,
Healing sin, and sorrow ending.
Thou of Goodness infinite,

Fount of Pity, Loving LORD,
Sinners' Hope, and Saints' Delight,
Angels' Praise, Thy Grace accord :
Of our pardon never weary,
JESU, nobis miserere.

Thoughts upon the Real Presence.

The Cup of Blessing which we bless, is It not the Communion of the BLOOD of CHRIST? The Bread which we break, is It not the Communion of the BODY of CHRIST?



TAKE, GOD, Thine own, these Gifts are
Thine

We to Thy holy Altar bring ;
Yet deign'st Thou in Thy Love Divine
To take them as man's offering :
Take then Thine own, for all are Thine—
These poor Oblations of our Bread and Wine.

Thou that hast gained again Thine Home,
Abandoned once for man to die,
Come in Thy sacred Presence, come,
Clothed in an awful Mystery ;
Thy sacred Boon of mighty Love present,
Veiled in its Sacramental Element.

Come, as Thy Truth hath said Thou wilt,
The Food of Life to give ;
Thy BLOOD, Thy BODY, broken, spilt,
That dying man may live :
SAVIOUR, to us Thy Love extend ;
JESUS, Blest Victim of the world, descend.

Bow down ; the consecrating hand
The mystic Bread hath broken ;
Moved by the Power of GOD's Command,
The Blessing hath been spoken :
Bow down, bow down, thy GOD revere ;
Veiled in this broken Form, Thy GOD is here.

Bow down, the hallowed Wine is reared,
Blest into Life, with Life It flows ;
A SAVIOUR from the sins we feared,
A Strength and Healer of our woes :
Bow down, in this blest Symbol lies
My SAVIOUR's BLOOD, Earth's bleeding Sacrifice.

Come, HOLY GHOST, my Soul fulfil
With faith to hold this Mystery ;
Unchanged to fight, yet bear they still
The Very GOD's Humanity :
Faith asks not how, but grasps GOD's Word,
As faultless Truth to mortal sense preferred.

Why seek to know what GOD hath sealed ?
Faith were an empty sound,

Sequence on the Precious Blood. 149

If nought but what our sight revealed
Around our course were found—
LORD, I believe ; increase my faith
To take on trust whate'er the SPIRIT faith.

Come Faith, and fit me to receive
This sacred Food whereon I feed ;
So may the Presence of His BODY give
Oneness and fellowship indeed ;
I joined in CHRIST, and CHRIST in me,
A true Communion—yet a Mystery.

Joined to His BODY, may my body prove
A worthier member of my sacred Head ;
May the rich Drops of BLOOD remove
The stains I loathe, the wrath I dread :
Grant that my body and my Soul may find
Their portion, in the SAVIOUR of mankind.

A Sequence on the Precious Blood, of the xvi. Century.

Reminiscens Beati SANGUINIS.



FROM their hid spring my tears are
falling,
My heart the Blessed BLOOD recalling,
Which man's Creator poured for me
In lavish torrents from the Tree ;
It is a Stream of such Delight
That none who tastes should ill requite.

Why dost Thou suffer woes so many,
Sweet JESU ? Sins Thou didst not any ;
By Thee came never crime's offence,
Thou art the Flower of Innocence :
Thine is the scourge, the robber I ;
I am the guilty, Thou dost die.

Why for the worthless, Price so great ?
Is it for earthly wealth or state ?
Oh, Thou hadst Glory none may share,
None can approach it, none declare ;
Yet with such Love Thy Heart did flame,
It made the shameful Cross no shame.

If ne'er for what Thy Grace has given
A praiseful answer mounts to Heaven,
If ne'er with love for Love I burn,
Nor to Thy Sorrows make return
In labours dear to GOD through Thee,
Woe to the wretched, woe to me.

Oh, can I see Thee stretched on high
In holiest death-throes, yet pass by ?
Oh, can I live for ought else now
My little life-space ? I do vow
To Thee, an offering utter, whole,
My two-fold being, flesh and Soul.

Ye, who are now far off, oh, fly
Unto the sweet Cross, lest ye die ;

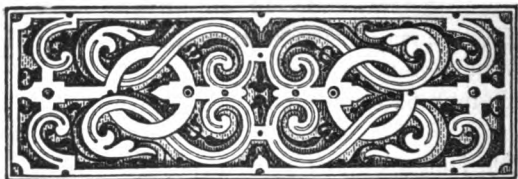
Sequence on the Precious Blood. 151

Ye, who now live to self, oh, strive
That ye may live to GOD, and live :
Would ye be members reckonèd ?
Ye must be pierced, as was your Head.

Oh, look not on that Streaming BLOOD
With eyes of cold ingratitude ;
Let there be tears and mighty crying,
Your GOD upon the Crofs is dying ;
And love and grief to Him are due
Who loved and grieved to BLOOD for you.

Lo, He has bought a Kingdom blest,
And set for man a Port of rest ;
No key can ope that Kingdom's door,
No ship can reach the happy Shore,
Except amain they fashioned be
Of nails and wood from Calvary.

Hail, BLOOD ! Which quickenest man within,
And, streaming, bid'st him enter in :
If any sin-stain foul my Soul,
In Mercy wash me, make me whole ;
And till I go hence, each new want
With new-born Bounty heed, and grant.



PART IV.

THE COMMUNION.

The Soul's Invitation to Holy Communion.

Come, for all things are now ready.



HE Board is spread with Meats
Divine,

O worn with strife, and soiled
with sin,

Draw near, love-thirsting Soul of
mine,

Draw near, and take thy SAVIOUR in.

I see the white preparèd Board,

I hear the words of Love and Grace,

But canst Thou deign to dwell, O LORD,

Within so foul and soiled a place?

Fair was the shrine the Prophet-chief
Made for Thy Dwelling-place of old,
With curtain fine, and Almond leaf,
And Shittim shaft, and ring of gold.

More fair on green Moriah's breast
The House the Monarch reared for Thee,
With costly gems, and odours drest,
With burning lamp, and molten sea,

With Cedar flower, and carven Palm,
In purest gold of Parvaim set,
And pillars hung, like ships a-calm,
Each spell-bound in its gilded net.

Poor heart ; ah, where thy hallowed fires ?
Thy gold of consecrated days,
The broidered veil of pure desires,
The cedar-scented songs of praise ?

A nobler hand to grace Thy shrine,
Gems of more wondrous beauty brought,
Gave all the reasoning powers Divine,
The light of Love, the wealth of thought.

Ah, me ! the world has come between
Thy Soul and CHRIST ; the gold is dim,
The floor is soiled He made so clean ;
Is this a dwelling fit for Him ?

Yet, come ; I see the Wine, the Bread ;
 That BLOOD can wash away thy sin ;
 Draw near, my Soul, and be thou fed,
 Nor doubt, but CHRIST will enter in.

Hymn of S. Thomas Aquinas.

VERBUM Supernum prodiens.



HE Heavenly WORD proceeding forth,
 Yet leaving not the FATHER's Side,
 Accomplishing His Work on earth,
 Had reached at length life's eventide.

By false Disciple to be given
 To foemen for His Life athirst,
 Himself the very Bread of Heaven,
 He gave to His Disciples first.

He gave Himself in either Kind,
 His Precious FLESH, His Precious BLOOD,
 In Love's own fulness thus designed
 Of the whole man to be the Food.
 By birth their Fellow-man was He ;
 Their Meat, when sitting at the board ;
 He died their Ransomer to be ;
 He ever reigns, their great Reward.

O Saving Victim, opening wide
 The gate of Heaven to man below ;
 Our foes press on from every side,
 Thine Aid supply, Thy Strength bestow.

Hymn of the Holy Feast.

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Blest THREE in ONE, to Thee ascend
All Thanks and Praise for evermore,
Oh, grant us Life that shall not end
Upon the Heavenly Country's shore.

Hymn of the Holy Feast.

I am That BREAD of Life.



KING of Beauty, LORD of Love,
True Bread and living Stay,
How dost Thou sweet Refreshment
prove

To pilgrims on their way.

O precious Drops, that from yon Fount
Of Comfort ever flow,
Who taste of These all toil surmount,
They sweeten every woe.

Manna Celestial daily spread,
Drink from the Rock outpoured,
Thus through the wild are nourished
Thy sorrowing Children, LORD.

Thrice blessed they, who day by day
On JESU's Breast recline;
With Thee, indeed, no more we need,
Who giv'st Thyself to Thine.

Self-Searching at Communion.

Stretch forth thine hand.

ORD, at this moment Thou art surely
here,

And I Thy Presence feel ;
I feel Thy pitying Eye bend o'er my
head,

I hear Thy gentle Footsteps near me tread,
And at Thy Feet I kneel.

I kneel ; I tell Thee all my inmost woe,
Tell of a load of sin ;

I ask Thy Pity, Pardon, and Relief ;
I shew Thee all my bitter, bitter grief,
The deep distress within.

I count my years, to Thee, a wasted life
With so much left undone,
It looks so sad, now Thou Thyself art near,
Thy Human Life shines out so pure and clear,
And mine in sin has run.

Now, while I see Thy Wounds—I feel it all—
Too much for me to bear :
I need to draw new Life in every breath ;
I need a Rescue in the hour of death,
And One my griefs to share.

And while I lay this sadness at Thy Feet,
I feel Thee nearing me—

Stretch forth thine hand—I know Thy healing
 Voice ;
 It makes this weary, mournful heart rejoice,
 And draws me nearer Thee,
 Nearer and nearer still ; gives me Thyself
 In wondrous Mystery ;
 Unites me with Thee, and Thyself with me,
 In sorrow, joy, through life, through death, to be
 Thine in Eternity.

The Type and Antitype of the Blessed Sacrament.

Hofte dum victo triumphans.



WHEN the Patriarch was returning
 Crown'd with triumph from the
 fray,

Him the peaceful King of Salem
 Came to meet upon his way,
 Meekly bearing Bread and Wine,
 Holy Priesthood's awful Sign.

On the Truth, thus dimly shadowed,
 Later days a lustre shed ;
 When the great High Priest Eternal,
 Under Forms of Wine and Bread,
 For the world's immortal Food,
 Gave His FLESH and gave His BLOOD.

Wondrous Gift—The WORD who moulded
 All things by His Might Divine,

Bread into His BODY changes,
 Into His Own BLOOD the Wine ;
 What though sense no change perceives,
 Faith admires, adores, believes.

He Who once to die a Victim
 On the Cross, did not refuse,
 Day by day, upon our Altars,
 That same Sacrifice renews ;
 Through His holy Priesthood's hands,
 Faithful to His last Commands.

While the people all uniting
 In the Sacrifice sublime,
 Offer CHRIST to His High FATHER,
 Offer up themselves with Him ;
 Then, together with the Priest,
 On the Living Victim feast.

An Eucharistic Prayer.

To know the Love of CHRIST which passeth knowledge.



ESU, to Thy Table led,
 Now let every heart be fed
 With the true and living Bread.

While in penitence we kneel,
 Thy sweet Presence let us feel,
 All Thy wondrous Love reveal.

While on Thy dear Cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
Turn our sadness into praise.

Draw us to Thy wounded Side,
Whence there flowed the healing Tide ;
There our sins and sorrows hide.

From the bonds of sin release,
Cold and wavering faith increase,
LAMB of GOD, grant us Thy Peace.

Lead us by Thy pierced Hand,
Till around Thy Throne we stand,
In the bright and better Land.

Union with Christ in Holy Communion.

My Beloved is Mine, and I am His.



NE holds me fast : kept in His pure
Embrace

I rest in peace :

Flows on my weary heart His softening
Grace,

And troubles cease.

Though cold the storm, and fierce the blasting wind,

I do not fear,

For in His Breast a Covert safe I find :

No storm comes there.

The Communion.

He shields me tenderly—my Spouse, my Love—
 He guides me on
 To Mansions fair, prepared for me above,
 Where He has gone.

He feeds me, lest I faint, or fall, or die,
 With Food from Heaven :
 He, His Own SELF, in wondrous Mystery
 To me has given.

He draws me to Himself; I needs must go;
 I cannot stay :
 No earthly tie must bind me here below :
 But far away,

Where, 'mid the countless throngs of Angels bright
 And Spirits blest,
 He reigns—my God and King—my sole Delight,
 I long to rest.

An Ancient Prose on the Sacrament of
 the Altar.

Panis descendens Cœlitus.



READ, which from above descendeth,
 Whence the strength within us grows,
 Which to us new Life extendeth
 And abundant Grace bestows ;

May CHRIST be that Feast unto us
Which true Nourishment imparts,
And the Cup which doth renew us,
Filling full of Joy our hearts.

Splendour of the Light of Heaven
Whom unceasing praises greet,
As at Thy Last Supper given,
Give us of Thy FLESH to eat.

Heavenly Banquet of the living,
Glory in Redemption shown,
Rest unto the humble giving,
Make the Bliss of Heaven our own.

To the Memory still returning
Of Thy Death for us accurst,
Snatch us from the Lake of burning,
Thou, Who didst exclaim—I thirst.

LORD, to Thee Thy Church gives honour
For Thy countless Blessings all ;
Pour Thy Gracious Light upon her,
Both in Fast and Festival.

With the SON and HOLY SPIRIT,
GOD the FATHER, ever Blest,
May we by the Gifts inherit
Of this Feast eternal Rest.

Eucharistic Colloquy.

O JESU, *du mein Brautigam.*



ORD JESU, Bridegroom of my Soul,
Make me, Thy humble servant, whole,
By that Dear BLOOD which on the Cross
Thou sheddest to redeem man's loss.

Full of desire, yet full of fear,
To Thine own Altar I draw near,
And though my steps have gone astray,
In Mercy cast me not away.

O Thou good Shepherd of Thy Flock,
My King, my LORD, my Spouse, my Rock,
Who hast o'er sin the vict'ry won,
Put me the Wedding Garment on.

Cure, great Physician, my disease,
And heal mine oft infirmities ;
Wash every sinful stain away,
And let me taste Thyself to-day.

Though oft in sinfulness laid low,
Thy pard'ning Love on me bestow,
And mortify my proud self-love,
And let Thy Grace my Glory prove.

To those who fight in sin's dread strife
Thy BODY is the Bread of Life,
Thy BLOOD the Wine Divine of Love,
The richest from Thy Stores above.

Hungry and thirsty, lo, I come,
Oh, find me at Thy Table room ;
To me of this blest Banquet give,
And let me eat, and drink, and live.

Take from my heart each thought of sin,
And let Thy SPIRIT enter in ;
Grant Faith, and Hope, and blessed Love,
Gifts of Thy SPIRIT from above.

What Soul and body need, supply ;
Remove what's hurtful to Thine Eye ;
Dwell in my heart, and let me be
In sweetest Union, LORD, with Thee.

Against my Soul, when earth or Hell
Combine, or mine own heart rebel,
Subdue my foes, my heart subdue,
And keep me to Thy Service true.

Adorn my conversation, LORD,
With all the Graces of Thy Word,
And do Thou grant me all my days
To keep Thy Law and sing Thy praise ;

That when, O gracious Prince of Life,
 Thou call'st me from this world of strife,
 I may to Thy blest Presence rise,
 And live with Thee above the skies.

A Sequence of the xvi. Century.

De Supernâ Hierarchiâ.



FROM the most holy Place above,
 In the world's latter day,
 The Wisdom true of GOD came down
 To guide us on our way ;
 Oh, we had ever longed for Him,
 And He at last was given,
 Mary the Virgin's Blessed CHILD,
 JESUS, the mortal's Haven.

Great was He ever ; great the name
 The Holy Virgin won,
 When by a Miracle she rose
 Mother to such a SON ;
 He takes this lost world's sin away,
 Forward with Might He goes,
 And in the van of fainting men
 Doth put to flight their foes.

There was no sorrow in His Home,
 There was no death on High,
 He fought Him FLESH to sorrow in,
 A Cross, that He might die ;

A Sequence of the xvi. Century. 165

He is the righteous Lawgiver,
And yet Himself He gave
Unto the Law's most bitter scourge,
Us from its curse to save.

For lo ! the LAMB was lifted up
Upon the cruel Tree,
And He was sacrificed for us,
Incarnate Charity ;
Thus our marred life was built again—
Upon each infant brow
The Sign of Him who saves is set,
And Heaven is open now.

It was the night He was betrayed,
When in an Upper Room
With His loved Twelve He sat at meat,
Knowing what soon should come !
He blessed and brake the Holy Bread
And said—O hearken ye
Who doubt Him—This My BODY is ;
Do this, remembering Me.

He ceased. Anon, He spake again,
God's Holy SON and True,
And thus the Gift unspeakable
Came in the Chalice too ;
It had made glad man's heavy heart,
But then His All It stood,
The Drink of the new Paradise,
The WORD Incarnate's BLOOD.

The Communion.

This Mystery is hid in God,
This can none else explore,
Be Thou content to wait awhile,
Believe, embrace, adore ;
But be thou ware to eat and drink,
If slave to sin thou be,
Only the pure and guileless heart
Can take It worthily.

Say, canst thou love as Peter loved ?
Behold thy Peace is here ;
Art thou a Judas ? in thy sins
Come not, O traitor, near ;
This is the just man's aliment,
This arms him for the fray ;
But who so lacks a Wedding robe
Is the Foe's certain prey.

Thine is this Marvel, Blessed CHRIST,
Thine would Its sharers be ;
Oh, save us from eternal Wrath,
Clothe us with chastity :
Thou hast restored the breach ; to Thee
For Health and Peace we come ;
Make us more worthy of Thy Gift,
Bring us more near our Home.

Conference between Christ, the Saints, and the Soul.

*Come up hither, and I will shew thee things which
must be hereafter.*



AM pale with sick desire,
For my heart is far away
From this world's fitful fire
And this world's waning day :

In a dream it overleaps
A world of tedious ills
To where the sunshine sleeps
On th' everlasting hills.
Say the Saints—There Angels ease us,
Glorified and white.
They say—We rest in JESUS,
Where is not day nor night.

My Soul faith—I have sought
For a home that is not gained ;
I have spent, yet nothing bought ;
Have laboured, but not attained :
My pride strove to rise and grow,
And hath but dwindled down ;
My love sought love, and lo,
Hath not attained its crown.
Say the Saints—Fresh Souls increase us,
None languish or recede.

The Communion.

They say—We love our JESUS,
And He loves us indeed.

I cannot rise above,
I cannot rest beneath,
I cannot find out love,
Or escape from death :
Dear hopes and joys gone by
Still mock me with a name,
My best beloved die
And I cannot die with them.
Say the Saints—No deaths decrease us,
Where our rest is glorious.
They say—We live in JESUS,
Who once dièd for us.

Oh, my Soul, she beats her wings
And pants to fly away
Up to immortal things
In the Heavenly day :
Yet she flags and almost faints ;
Can such be meant for me ?
Come and see—say the Saints.
Saith JESUS—Come and see.
Say the Saints—His Pleasures please us
Before GOD and the LAMB.
Come and taste My sweets—saith Jesus—
Be with Me where I am.

Eucharistic Prayer, of the xv. Century.

O Colenda DEITAS.



GLORIOUS Object of our praise,
 Blessed Fount of our supply,
 While in faith our voice we raise,
 Look on us, and hear our cry :
 Open here the glorious Heaven,
 Where Thy Majesty is known ;
 Now let living Light be given
 From the Splendour of Thy Throne.
 Visit us, and make us see
 Thy Salvation here below ;
 Till, presented unto Thee,
 We shall all its Sweetness know.

Fill our hearts with Heavenly Love ;
 Make us rich and flourishing ;
 Let Thy SPIRIT from above
 His enkindling Influence bring :
 Show the riches of Thy Grace ;
 Rain the sacred Manna down ;
 Make us one in Thy Embrace ;
 Let Thy Love the Union crown.
 Ever-blessed God, behold
 Not the vileness of our state ;
 But how Good Thou art unfold,
 And how mercifully Great.

The Communion.

Though despised, we look to Thee ;
 Deign to hear our earnest cry ;
 Let us Thy sweet Mercy see ;
 Give us, LORD, a large supply.
 DEITY, Supreme o'er all,
 Condescend to show Thy Love ;
 While before Thy Feet we fall,
 Pour Thy Blessing from above.
 Praise we give Thee, Glorious LORD,
 Singing with the Heavenly Host,
 Now and ever be adored,
 FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

The hidden Altar-Life.

Verily, Thou art a GOD that bideest Thyself.



JESU, it was surely sweet,
 To sit and listen at Thy Feet,
 With those who in Thy Life drew near,
 Thy Words of Love and Grace to hear.

And sweet it was to walk with Thee,
 Beside the lake of Galilee ;
 Or, safe embarked in Peter's Boat,
 O'er its blue waves with Thee to float.

But sweeter far it is to pray
 Before Thine Altar-throne to-day,
 For there th' atoning Sacrifice,
 JESUS, the world's Redeemer, lies.

Hail ! JESUS, hail ! my Dearest LORD,
By Seraph-choirs in Heaven adored ;
Hail ! JESUS, Who art Hidden thus
On this poor earth for Love of us.

Anima Christi.

Thou art a Place to bide me in.



SOUL of JESUS—once for me
Offered on the shameful Tree,
Heal, and make me by that Cure
Pure, as Thou Thyself art Pure ;
Thou of Life the Fountain fair,
Draw me in, and keep me there.

Form of JESUS—ONE with GOD,
Who the dreadful winepress trod,
Man of Sorrows, drowned in grief,
Thou of sin the sole Relief,
Be Thy Sacramental Power
Present at my dying hour.

Holy JESUS, Great I AM,
Shining in a Spotless LAMB,
Gentle as the Heavenly DOVE,
Thou the LORD of Light and Love,
By Thy Passion, by Thy Prayer,
Snatch me from my own despair.

The Communion.

Hide me where that Wound was given,
Piercing to the Heart of Heaven ;
Hide me where those nails unmeet
Rent Thy Hands, and fixed Thy Feet ;
Hide me where red Drops ran down
From that sad acanthine Crown.

BLOOD of JESUS—crimson Sea,
Glorious as eternity,
Fathomless, alone, sublime,
Boundless Bath of human crime,
Me the leper, vile and mean,
Plunge me there, and make me clean.

Water—from that sacred Side
Of a GOD, who groaned and died,
Blending with the purple Gore
When His Agony was o'er,
Flow in Mercy, full and free,
Flow for sinners, flow for me.

Holy JESUS—let me be
Never separate from Thee ;
From the malice of the foe,
Ward me in the vale of woe ;
Let me, yielding up my breath,
Find a Paradise in death.

There no more shall night be known,
Safely prostrate at Thy Throne ;

The Marriage Supper of the Lamb. 173

Called by Thee to realms of day
Where all tears are wiped away,
JESU, Thou my Rest shalt be,
Faith hath found her home in Thee.

The Marriage Supper of the Lamb.

Heil'ger Tisch den JESUS decket.



HIS holy Feast, by JESUS spread,
Makes glad, yet fills my Soul with dread,
Such conflict who can quell?
We eat for better or for worse;
I see before me, Blessing, curse—
Life, death—or Heaven, or Hell.

Yet, LORD, I come. Thou dost invite;
But first befitting Robe of white
With jealous care put on;
While I by faith my heart prepare,
And so that festal Garment wear,
Which Thou Thyself hast won.

O Friend, among ten thousand chief,
Good Shepherd, bring me quick relief,
My faltering footsteps stay;
Set free my limbs, for I am bound;
Heal me, I have a deadly wound;
Lead me, I've gone astray.

The Communion.

My thirst and hunger let me slake,
 And freely Life's pure Waters take,
 Thou, Whom my Soul doth prize ;
 Oh, save me, sunk in grievous plight ;
 I grope in darkness, give me Light,
 Give Life to one who dies.

O LORD, with rigour chide not one
 Who suppliant comes before Thy Throne,
 Spurn not in Anger fierce ;
 With heart and knee before Thee bowed,
 Let this my prayer pierce through the cloud,
 To Thy bright Presence pierce.

LORD, let Thy FLESH, Which in my stead
 Once bore the Cross, be now my Bread ;
 And Thy most Precious BLOOD—
 Let not that Stream have flowed in vain,
 But let these Both my strength sustain,
 And be my Highest Good.

An Ancient Anthem.

O Esca viatorum.



FOOD that weary pilgrims love,
 O Bread of Angel Hosts above,
 O Manna of the Saints,
 The hungry Soul would feed on Thee ;
 Ne'er may the heart unsolaced be
 Which for Thy Sweetness faints.

O Fount of Love, O cleansing Tide,
Which from the SAVIOUR's pierced Side
And sacred Heart dost flow,
Be ours to drink of Thy pure Rill,
Which only can our Spirits fill,
And all we need bestow.

O JESU, Whom, by Power Divine
Now hidden 'neath the outward Sign,
We worship and adore,
Grant, when the veil away is rolled,
With open Face we may behold
Thyself for evermore.

The Angel's Invitation to the Prophet.

*An Angel touched him, and said unto him—Arise
and eat.*



CHRISTIAN, did no one, thinkest thou,
behold thee,
What time thou fainted'st in the noon-
day heat?

Heard'st thou no Angel's voice, which sweetly told
thee—

The journey is too great ; Arise and eat.

An Angel's voice? Nay, 'twas thy GOD that
spake it,

In fonder tones than Angel could repeat :

Himself the Food, His own the Hands that
brake It ;

His own the Words that bade thee—Rise
and eat :

This is the Bread of Life which came from Heaven,
And now for thee is on My Table spread :

This is My BODY, Which for Thee was given ;
And this My BLOOD, Which for thy sins was
shed.

Oh, fainting, faltering wanderer, art thou able
Still to refuse thy Suppliant GOD's Request?—
Be filled, ye hungry, from My bounteous Table ;
And come, ye weary, I will give you rest.

Oh, may His gracious, oft-urged Invitation
Subdue thee with its tones so soft and sweet ;
Mayst thou, at length, with heartfelt adoration
And tearful penitence—Arise and eat.

Another Banquet is for thee preparing ;
Another Feast thy longing eyes shall greet ;
An Angel's voice shall break thy rest, declaring—
Behold, all things are ready ; Rise and eat.

Eucharistic Anthem ; from the German.

Behold the LAMB of GOD.



BEHOLD the LORD,
Th' Incarnate WORD,
Our Higheft Good,
The Angels' Food,

Consents to rest
Within thy breast :
 Blessed JESU, we adore Thee
 In this Thy Holy Sacrament.

His Might He shrouds
Beneath the Clouds
 Of Bread and Wine :
 This lowly Shrine
Contains the King
Whom Angels sing :
 Blessed JESU, we adore Thee
 In this Thy Holy Sacrament.

Bow heart and knee,
GOD is with Thee ;
 Oh, trust and love—
 CHRIST from above
Will dry thy tears
And hush thy fears :
 Blessed JESU, we adore Thee
 In this Thy Holy Sacrament.

The Great I AM,
The Paschal LAMB,
 Who shed the Flood
 Of Precious BLOOD,
Lo ! here He lies
Our Sacrifice ;
 Blessed JESU, we adore Thee
 In this Thy Holy Sacrament.

N

He calleth thee—
 Come unto Me,
 Thy pain and grief
 Shall find relief;
 Oh, come and hide
 In My pierced Side :
 Blessed JESU, we adore Thee
 In this Thy Holy Sacrament.

LORD, come at last
 When life is past,
 In my last hour,
 With Love and Power,
 To be my Light
 Through death's dark night :
 Blessed JESU, we adore Thee
 In this Thy Holy Sacrament.

A Prayer to the Lord Jesus.

*He was wounded for our transgressions ; He was bruised
 for our iniquities.*



JESUS, bruised and wounded more
 Than bursted grape, or bread of wheat,
 The Life of Life within our Souls,
 The Cup of our Salvation sweet,
 We come to show Thy dying Hour,
 Thy streaming Vein, Thy Broken FLESH ;

A Hymn on the Real Presence. 179

And still the BLOOD is warm to save,
And still the fragrant Wounds are fresh.

Oh, Heart that, with a double Tide
Of BLOOD and Water maketh pure ;
O FLESH once offered on the Cross,
The Gift that makes our pardon sure ;
Let never more our sinful Souls
The anguish of Thy Cross renew ;
Nor forge again the cruel nails
That pierced Thy Victim BODY through.

A Hymn on the Real Presence, of the
xth. Century.

O Panis Dulcissime.

BREAD of Life, Divinely sweet,
Faithful Souls may take and eat,
'Tis the Manna GOD hath sent :
Gentle LAMB of GOD, in Thee
That great Sacrifice we see,
Which the Law and Prophets meant.
Though but common Bread appear,
Thy Dear FLESH is hidden here ;
On It now by faith we feed :
Holy SPIRIT, on us shine—
Seven-fold Gifts of Grace are Thine—
Make It now our Meat indeed.

The Communion.

Souls are quickened, blest, and fed,
 When they eat this living Bread,
 Uncorruptedly the same ;
 All their guilt is purified
 By the FLESH of Him Who died—
 Glory to His precious Name.
 Thus Thy sacred Cup of BLOOD
 And Thy FLESH, our mystic Food,
 Cheer us while on earth we live :
 But in Heaven to meet Thee, LORD,
 There to feast around Thy Board,
 This will boundless Rapture give.

The Miracles of Grace and Nature.

This is the LORD's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.



MYSTERIOUS is Thy Presence, LORD,
 Awful, Thy Power Divine ;
 The water hears Thy faintest Word
 And blushes into wine.

The clouds, that round us dark and low,
 With threatening aspect move,
 If Thou dost look upon them, glow
 With rainbow lights of love.

The grain, that from the sower's hand,
 Is scattered on the mould,

A Sequence of the xvi. Century. 181

Soon in the valleys thick shall stand,
Returned a thousand fold.

The dews, which evening skies distil,
Around the creeping vine,
At Thy Command arise and fill
The blood-red grape with wine.

Thus holy Truths around us lie,
Doing their humble part,
But wanting the attentive eye,
And the believing heart.

Thus at Thy Holy Feast, O LORD,
We kneel, and we believe
That That which Thy creative Word
Hath made It, we receive.

Mysterious Truth, which human pride
Must bow to and adore,
Which in our heart of hearts we hide,
Believe, and ask no more.

A Sequence of the xvi. Century.

Ave! CARO CHRISTI Regis.



AIL! FLESH of CHRIST the Regal,
Hail! Food that feeds the Flock,
The new Law's Heavenly Manna,
The Spiritual Rock;

The Communion.

Can the blind world reject Thee ?

Oh, Thou art All to us,
Adorable for ever,
And wholly Marvellous.

With adoration hourly,
With voices Heavenly sweet,
The Faithful give Thee Glory
As it is right and meet ;
And Thou wilt deign accept them—
But would they feed on Thee
They must be pure and stainless,
For Thou art Purity.

The Bride gives Thee her worship,
Who art the Bread of Life ;
Thou Guide unto the pilgrim,
Thou Peace where guilt is rife :
Salvation's Bread, oh, fill us
With Thy unclouded Joy,
Sweet Food of Satisfaction,
Pure Drink which cannot cloy.

Oh, be Thou nigh to guard us,
The fallen one's Stay Thou art,
Balm to the weary mourner,
Joy to the breaking heart ;
Thou didst go first to light us,
Thou hast the path full trod ;
Guide through this world of grieving
Into the Joy of God.

Corpus Christi.

*Give the LORD the honour due unto His Name ; worship
the LORD with holy worship.*



THESE Wounds I hail, O LORD my GOD,
For they were suffered once for me ;
My ransom was Thy Precious BLOOD,
My confidence is fixed in Thee.

Oh, Sacrifice beyond compare,
High Priest and Victim both in One ;
All Love, all Light, all Wise, all Fair,
The Virgin-Born, the FATHER'S SON.

Ten thousand thousand daily feed
On Thee, and find their Graces grow ;
Sweet Help in every time of need,
The Well, whence Heavenly Waters flow.

Lo ! how the broken-hearted come
To see their SAVIOUR on the Cross ;
And then return in comfort home
To count for Him all things but dross.

Sweet JESUS, stretch abroad Thine Arms,
Embrace the world Thou hast redeemed ;
Thy Voice shall hush its loud alarms,
And darkness fly where Thou hast beamed.

Thou, with Thy Saints, shalt reign alone
 From shore to shore, from pole to pole ;
 And Glory round Thy holy Throne
 Shall in eternal surges roll.

And till the Trump of GOD may sound,
 Thy Church on earth shall prostrate fall,
 In praise, and prayer, and hymns profound
 To worship Thee, the LORD of All.

The Love of Christ for His Spouse.

*He brought me to the Banqueting house, and His Banner
 over me was Love.*



ESU, we thus obey
 Thy last and kindest Word,
 And in Thine own appointed way
 We come to meet Thee, LORD.

Thus we remember Thee,
 And take this Bread and Wine,
 As Thine own dying Legacy,
 And our Redemption's Sign.

Thy Presence makes the Feast ;
 Now let our Spirits feel
 The Glory not to be exprest,
 The Joy unspeakable.

A Prose, of the xv. Century. 185

With high and Heavenly Bliss
Thou dost our Spirit cheer ;
Thy House of banqueting is this,
And Thou hast brought us here.

Now let our Souls be fed
With Manna from above,
And over us Thy Banner spread
Of everlasting Love.

A Prose, of the xv. Century.

Ave ! Verum CORPUS natum.

LAIL to Thee, True BODY ! Sprung
From the Virgin Mary's Womb,
The Same that on the Crofs was hung,
And bore for man the bitter doom :
Hear us, Merciful and Mild,
JESU, Mary's Gracious CHILD.

From Whose Side, for sinners riven,
Water flowed and mingled BLOOD ;
Mayst Thou, Dearest LORD, be given,
In death's hour to be my Food :
Hear us, Merciful and Mild,
JESU, Mary's Gracious CHILD.

Prayer for the Fulfilment of a Promise.

*I will commune with thee from above the
Mercy-seat.*



LORD, when before Thy Throne we meet,
Thy Goodness to adore,
From Heaven th' eternal Mercy-seat
On us Thy Blessing pour,
And make our inmost Souls to be
An habitation meet for Thee.

The BODY for our Ransom given ;
The BLOOD in Mercy shed ;
With this immortal Food from Heaven,
LORD, let our Souls be fed ;
And as we round Thy Table kneel,
Help us Thy quickening Grace to feel.

Be Thou, O HOLY SPIRIT, nigh,
Accept the humble prayer,
The contrite Soul's repentant sigh,
The sinner's heartfelt tear ;
And let our adoration rise,
As fragrant incense, to the skies.

A Penitential Hymn ; after long neglect of the Blessed Sacrament.

I am no more worthy to be called Thy Son.



OUR LORD in Words of Heavenly Wisdom said—

We must not cast to dogs the Children's
Bread ;

Yet even dogs, within their master's hall,
May eat the crumbs that from his table fall.
My FATHER, here a Child unworthy comes,
Beneath Thy Board to gather up the Crumbs ;
No longer worthy to be called Thy Child,
So far has sin my wayward heart beguiled.

Thy Grace preventing called me by my name,
When yet unconscious to the font I came ;
Made Child of God by free Adoption there,
And taught to call Thee FATHER in my prayer.
Yet have I followed worldly ways and vain,
And empty husks are all that now remain ;
On joys unreal have I my substance spent,
My feet are bare, my garments soiled and rent.

Now, taking with me words, I'll straight arise,
And seek my FATHER in this woful guise ;
For well I know a parent's bowels yearn,
Whene'er he sees a long-lost child return.

Before affliction came I went astray ;
But now, am bent to keep Thy righteous Way :
Lo ! while I yet am speaking He doth hear ;
Yea, e'en before I called, He hastened near :

He brings forth that best robe to put me on,
The Righteous Robe of His Begotten SON ;
And bids my feet, which slippery paths have trod,
With Gospel Peace henceforth be firmly shod.
If Angels joy when sinners leave their way,
Those elder Brothers will rejoice to-day,
That I, with purpose fixed new life to lead,
Now come repentant at Thy Board to feed.

By faith I see CHRIST'S BODY in This Bread,
And in this Cup His BLOOD for sinners shed ;
Which, though my mind tries vainly to conceive,
As CHRIST hath spoken, so do I believe.
No longer now self-banished from my place,
'Mongst those who, ever with Thee, share Thy
Grace,

On Heavenly Manna shall my Soul be fed :
LORD, give me evermore Thy Children's Bread.

Let me not only in Thy Household dwell,
For servants hired know not their master well ;
With CHRIST so close let my Communion be,
That I may dwell in Him, and He in me.
Then, with the Angel-choir, my voice I'll raise,
More bound than they redeeming Love to praise:
Not one has erred of all that Heavenly Host ;
Those who have most forgiven, will love Thee most.

Hymn to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

*Behold, O God our Defender, and look upon the Face
of Thine Anointed.*



**ESUS, True GOD, True MAN we adore
Thee ;**

**Veiled though Thy Presence, we hail
Thee here ;**

**True Bread of Angels, we worship before Thee,
Now the blest moment has brought Thee so near.**

**Thou dost descend, but no awful thunder
Rending the Heavens o'erwhelms us with dread ;
Silently, filling our Spirits with wonder,
Thou dost stoop down to us, Life-giving Bread.**

**Vision of Peace and Fountain of Pity,
Praise of the Angels, and Perfect Love,
Thou art the Gate of the Heavenly City,
Glory of Saints in the mansions above.**

**Now, at Thy Shrine, Thou liest before us,
Thou, Who for sinners sought Mary's Breast ;
Sweetly is ringing the Angels' glad chorus,
Bethlehem, true House of Bread, is our rest.**

**Here Precious BLOOD for sin is still flowing,
Sealing forgiveness and making us pure ;
Thou in the Gift of Thyself art bestowing,
Grace to endeavour, and Strength to endure.**

Now may we cry, while kneeling before Thee,
 Lifting our hearts to the FATHER'S dread
 Throne—

Look on the Face of Thy CHRIST, we implore
 Thee,
 Spare our transgressions, our Sacrifice own.

JESUS, all hail ! Redeemer most holy,
 Thee we adore at Thine Altar-shrine ;
 Keep evermore our hearts pure and lowly,
 Meet for Thy Presence, O Victim Divine.

A Hymn of Santolius of S. Victor, of
 the xvi. Century.

The BLOOD of JESUS CHRIST cleanseb us from all sin.



CHRIST, Who art enthroned on high,
 Look on us, parted far from Thee ;
 How wondrously Thou comest nigh,
 That joinèd with us Thou mayst be,
 By that same BODY, Which, at birth
 Shed joy and gladness over earth.

Hence, like a mountain torrent's flow,
 Grace downward pours in copious streams,
 Oh, when that fervent Love doth glow,
 What heart but melts beneath its beams ?
 What guilty Soul would shun the Flood,
 And not seek cleansing in that BLOOD ?

A Hymn of Angelus.

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O haughty man, lay down thy pride,
Thy LORD is here in Meekness found ;
Why strayest thou, when He doth hide
Himself within this narrow bound ?
Why wilt thou seek the gazing crowd,
When GOD is veiled beneath a Cloud ?

All Glory to the FATHER be,
Who in His Might the world did frame ;
And to the SON, Who set us free
By dying on the Cross in shame ;
And unto Him, Whose quickening Breath
Doth raise us up anew from death.

A Hymn of Angelus to the Good Shepherd, of the xvii. Century.

Guter Hirte, willst du nicht.



WILT Thou not, my Shepherd true,
Spare Thy sheep, in Mercy spare
me ?
Wilt Thou not, as shepherds do,
In Thine Arms rejoicing bear me ;
Bear me where all troubles cease,
Home to Folds of Joy and Peace ?

See how I have gone astray,
How earth's labyrinths oft mislead me ;

Bring me back into the way,
In 'Thine own green Pastures feed me :
Gather me within the Fold,
Where Thy lambs Thy Light behold.

With Thy Flock I long to be,
With the Flock to whom 'tis given
Safe to feed, and, praising Thee,
Roam the happy plains of Heaven :
Free from fear of sinful stain,
They can never stray again.

LORD, I here am sore beset,
Fears at every step confound me ;
Lo ! my foes have spread their net,
And with craft and might surround me :
Such their snares on every side,
Safe Thy sheep can ne'er abide.

JESUS, LORD, my Shepherd true,
Oh, from wolves Thy sheep deliver ;
Help, as shepherds wont to do,
From their jaws preserve me ever :
Bid Thy trembling wanderer come
To his everlasting Home.

The Origin of the Church.

En, ut superba criminum.



O ! how the savage crew
Of our proud sins hath rent
The Heart of our All-gracious GOD—
That Heart so Innocent.

The soldier's quiv'ring lance,
Our guilt it was that sped ;
The steel that pierced Him, by our crimes
So deadly sharp was made.

O Heart, whence sprang the Church,
The SAVIOUR's spotless Bride,
Thou Door of our Salvation's Ark
Set in its mystic Side,

Thou holy Fount, whence flows
The sacred sevenfold Flood,
Where we our filthy robes may cleanse
In the LAMB's Saving BLOOD,

By sorrowful relapse,
Thee will we rend no more ;
But like the flames, those types of Love,
Strive Heavenward to soar.

O

FATHER and SON Supreme,
 And SPIRIT, hear our cry ;
 To Whom Praise, Power, and Glory be
 Through all Eternity.

The earthly Priesthood Divine.

O Sacerdotum veneranda jura.



WFUL is the Priestly state,
 Which, by faith beheld aright,
 Closes and unbars the gate,
 Though unseen by mortal sight :
 CHRIST, in this His earthly Seat,
 Holds in them the Balance meet,
 Binds and lets the sinner's feet
 In His own appointed Rite.

When they ply their healing art,
 'Tis His Hand in them is found ;
 When they soothe the wounded heart,
 His Anointing heals the wound :
 When they speak, the faithful sheep
 Drink their words and hide them deep,
 For the Law of GOD they steep
 First in their own hearts profound.

When the Wrath is going forth,
 And the Vial in mid air,

The Wedding Garment.

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They stand forth to stop the Wrath
With deep importuning prayer :
May they, LORD, themselves be wise,
Who touch Thy dread Mysteries,
Mirrors, in their people's eyes,
Worthy of the things they bear.

FATHER, SPIRIT, SON DIVINE,
Who dost rescue from the grave,
From Heaven's central echoing shrine
Let Thy Glory, wave on wave,
Fill the all-surrounding sea
Of shoreless Eternity,
Singing, Priest of Priests, of Thee,
And Thy mighty Power to save.

The Wedding Garment.

Dum Vestem audis Nuptialem, ne de vestimentis, quibus induimur, id existimes, sed de bonis operibus.



THE nuptial Robe, which all must wear
Who enter to the Spousal Feast,
Is not a garb for vulgar stare,
A cloth of gold, in samite pieced,
In costly jewels glittering fair,
With rustling pride surceased.

The nuptial Robe which all must don,
Who would their heads lift up on high,
Who would approach the Bridal Throne
With contrite heart and suppliant eye,
This yoke of Peace, and this alone,
Is the fair stole of Charity.

The nuptial Robe is pure and white,
Unsoiled in deed, unstained in thought,
With willing heart and purpose right,
In works of Love it must be wrought,
Although 'tis wove with colours bright,
It shall not pass where Love is not.

The nuptial Robe, to which is given
An entrance to the Bliss of God,
Must raise the Soul with Virtue's leaven,
Must to the Cross point out the road,
And humbly labour still, till Heaven
Relieve thee of thy heavy load.

Then, clothed anew in Virtue's drefs,
Angels shall bid thee welcome home ;
Then shall the toil that did oppress
Be buried with thee in the tomb ;
Then shall ye hear that last address—
Ye blessed of My FATHER, come.

The Rose of Sharon; a German Hymn of
the xv. Century.

I am the Rose of Sharon.



KNOW a Flower so sweet and fair,
There is no earthly blossom
With Sharon's Rose that may compare;
Fain would I wear
Its Fragrance in my bosom.

It is the True and Living WORD,
Whom GOD Himself hath given
To be our Guide, our Light, our LORD,
In Whom is stored
All hope for earth and Heaven.

Hark, how He saith—Come unto Me
Ye burdened and sad-hearted;
Granted your heart's desire shall be,
And pardon free,
To mourning Souls imparted.

This is My BODY that I give,
For you in Mercy broken;
Whate'er is Mine with It receive,
If ye believe
And keep what I have spoken.

The Communion.

This is My BLOOD, once shed for you,
 Ye hearts, now faint and sinking ;
 Drink of My Cup, and find anew
 Fresh Strength to do
 My Bidding without shrinking.

Ah, LORD, by Thy most bitter Woes
 We pray Thee, ne'er forsake us ;
 Since Thou couldst even die for those
 Who were Thy foes,
 Thy Children deign to make us.

And keep us ever close to Thee,
 Give courage to confess Thee,
 However dark the time may be,
 Till safe and free
 In Heaven at last we bless Thee.

The Bread that cometh down from Heaven.

They need not depart ; give ye them to eat.



HE sun is sinking in the west ;
 And while its rays decline,
 Gleams of the full-orbed Paschal moon
 On the calm waters shine.

The Galilean waters hushed
 In eventide are still ;

Yet crowds of weary wanderers wait
Upon its lonely hill.

Pilgrims they are, for Sion bound,
Whose Paschal Feast is near ;
But the true Passover Himself
Receives and feeds them here.

They sit upon the grassy turf
Marshall'd in groups and rows ;
CHRIST holds the food, which in His Hand,
And by His Blessing grows.

He gives the food ; Apostles take,
Distribute it, and then—
Two fishes and five barley loaves
Regale five thousand men.

O Blessed LORD, the earth is Thine,
By Thy creative Hand
The golden harvests crown the year
And deck the fertile land.

O Blessed LORD, Thou Bread of Life,
That cometh down from Heaven,
Supplies of everlasting Good
By Thee to man are given.

Thy GODHEAD is the Well-spring, LORD,
The pure exhaustless Source,

The Communion.

**From which they flow through age to age,
In never-ending course.**

**In channels formed by Thee, they flow
In rivulets of Grace,
Refreshing all who wander here
In this world's desert place.**

**Oh, feed us, weary pilgrims, LORD,
And to Thy Sion bring,
To keep a Heavenly Feast with Thee,
Our Prophet, Priest, and King.**





PART V.

THE THANKSGIVING.

The Canticle of S. Teresa after Holy Communion.

Vivo sin vivir en mí.

THIS Union of Divineſt Love,
By which I live a Life above,
Setting my heart at liberty,
My GOD to me enchains ;
But then to ſee His Maſteſty
In ſuch a baſe captivity,
It ſo my Spirit pains,
That evermore I weep and ſigh,
Dying, becauſe I do not die.

Ah, what a length does life appear ;
How hard to bear this exile here ;
How hard from weary day to day
To pine without relief :

The Thanksgiving.

The yearning hope to break away
From this my prison-house of clay,
Inspires so sharp a grief,
That overcome I weep and sigh,
Dying, because I do not die.

Oh, what a bitter life is this,
Deprived of GOD, its only Blifs ;
And what though Love delicious be,
Not so is Hope deferred :
Ah, then, Dear LORD, in Charity,
This iron weight of misery
From my poor Soul ungird ;
For evermore I weep and sigh,
Dying, because I do not die.

This only gives me life and strength,
To know that die I must at length ;
For Hope infures me Blifs Divine,
Through death, and death alone.
O Death, for thee, for thee I pine,
Sweet Death, of Life the origin,
Ah, wing thee hither soon ;
For evermore I weep and sigh,
Dying, because I do not die.

And thou, fond Life, oh, vex me not,
By still prolonging here my lot,
But know that Love is urging me ;
Know that the only way

To gain thee, is—by losing thee.
Come then, O Death, come speedily,
And end thy long delay ;
For evermore I weep and sigh,
Dying, because I do not die.

The Life above, the Life on high,
Alone is Life in verity ;
Nor can we Life at all enjoy,
Till this poor life is o'er ;
Then, O sweet Death, no longer fly
From me, who, ere my time to die,
Am dying evermore ;
For evermore I weep and sigh,
Dying, because I do not die.

To Him Who deigns in me to live,
What better Gift have I to give,
O my poor earthly life, than thee ?
Too glad of thy decay,
So but I may the sooner see
That Face of sweetest Majesty,
For which I pine away ;
While evermore I weep and sigh,
Dying, because I do not die.

Absent from Thee, my SAVIOUR Dear,
I call not Life this living here ;
But a long dying agony,
The sharpest I have known ;

The Thanksgiving.

And I myself, myself to see
In such a rack of misery,
For very pity moan ;
And ever, ever weep and sigh,
Dying, because I do not die.

The fish that from the brook is ta'en,
Soon finds an end of all its pain ;
And agonies the worst to bear
Are soonest spent and o'er ;
But what acutest death can e'er
With this my painful life compare
In torture evermore ?
While evermore I weep and sigh,
Dying, because I do not die.

When on the Altar I espy,
My GOD, Thy hidden Majesty,
And peace is soothing my sad heart,
Then comes redoubled pain,
To think, that here from Thee apart,
I cannot see Thee as Thou art ;
But gaze and gaze in vain ;
While evermore I weep and sigh,
Dying, because I do not die.

When with the hope I comfort me,
At least in Heaven of seeing Thee,
The thought that I may lose Thee yet,
With anguish thrills me through ;

And by a thousand fears beset,
My very hope inspires regret,
And multiplies my woe ;
While evermore I weep and sigh,
Dying, because I do not die.

Ah, LORD, my Light and living Breath,
Take me, oh, take me from this death,
And burst the bars that sever me
From my true Life above ;
Think how I die Thy Face to see,
And cannot live away from Thee,
O my eternal Love :
And ever, ever weep and sigh,
Dying, because I do not die.

I weary of this endless strife ;
I weary of this dying life ;
This living death, this heavy chain,
This torment of delay,
In which her sins my Soul detain ;
Ah, when shall it be mine ? Ah, when,
With my last breath to say—
No more I weep, no more I sigh ;
I'm dying of desire to die ?

Sacramental Union with Christ.

I will love him, and will manifest Myself to him.



WHAT happiness can equal mine?

I've found the Object of my love;

My SAVIOUR and my LORD Divine

Is come to me from Heaven above:

He makes my heart His own Abode ;

His FLESH becomes my daily Bread ;

He pours on me His Healing BLOOD ;

And with His Life my Soul is fed.

My Love is mine, and I am His ;

In me He dwells, in Him I live :

Where could I taste a purer Bliss ?

What greater Boon could JESUS give?

O Royal Banquet, Heavenly Feast,

O flowing Fount of Life and Grace,

Where GOD the Giver, man the guest,

Meet and unite in sweet embrace.

Dear JESUS, now my heart is Thine,

Oh, may it never from Thee fly ;

My GOD, be Thou for ever mine,

And I, Thine own eternally.

No more, O Satan, thee I fear,

O World, thy charms I now despise ;

For CHRIST Himself is with me here,

My Joy, my Life, my Paradise.

The Crown of Victory.

Steil und dornig ist der Pfad.



STEEP and thorny is the way,
 Straight to Heaven our home ascending ;
 Happy he who every day
 Walks therein, for CHRIST contending ;
 Happy when, his journey o'er,
 Conqueror he to CHRIST shall soar.

Great shall be his recompense,
 True to death on GOD who waited ;
 Who renounced the joys of sense,
 To his SAVIOUR consecrated ;
 Who has gazed with steadfast eye
 On the Crown of Victory.

On the Cross our Dying LORD
 Bled for man who had offended,
 Purchased us the great Reward,
 Then from earth to Heaven ascended :
 Victory e'en in death, He said—
 FATHER, it is finished.

May we soon approach Thee near,
 We who long on earth have striven,
 Storms and night surround us here,
 Bright and peaceful 'tis in Heaven :

The Thanksgiving.

Death may strike, and graves may yawn,
Yonder beams Life's endless dawn.

On then, comrades, wend your way,
Let not life's drear waste alarm you ;
Look to JESUS, watch and pray
'Gainst the fight that GOD would arm you.
GOD, Who strong the weak canst make,
Victory give for JESU's sake.

In hac Cruce Te invenit, quicumque
invenit.

*Circumire possum cælum et terram, mare et aridum, et
nusquam Te inveniam, nisi in Cruce.*



HAIL ! Tree of Life, planted anew,
Amidst the briar-waste of dearth,
Once more thy branches dropping dew
Awake the echoes deep of mirth,
Loft since the airs of Eden blew
Their sweet last gift o'er sin-stained earth.

Hail ! Tree of Life, on Calvary's height
Extending wide, restored again ;
Hail ! happy boughs of sweet delight,
Where sure repose and quiet reign ;
A shelter they from demon spite,
From sorrowing care, and fruitless pain.

The Last Communion in Church. 209

Hail! Tree of Life, beneath thy shade
Fain would I rest, and list thy call;
No burning heat shall strike my head,
No mildew there, nor blight shall fall;
For, should the bitter cup invade,
Sweet Peace is there to temper all.

Hail! saving Cross, beneath thy foot,
Here would I rest, and look above;
My needed strength would here recruit,
Thy promised Mercies here would prove,
Gather each day increase of fruit,
New fuel for increase of Love.

The Last Communion in Church.

LORD, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace.

HE hath been near unto the golden Gate:
Serene he waited for his Master's
Calling:
It came—A little longer thou must wait,
The sands of life have not yet ceased their falling.

Once more he passeth in the well-known way;
Though sight be dim, and footsteps fail and
falter,
Led by the hand, once more this Holy Day
He draweth nigh unto his LORD's dear Altar.

P

The Thanksgiving.

He kneeleth low ; he heareth words of Blifs ;
 With hand up-spread and eyelid closed he
 kneeleth.

Oh, what an hour of peace and joy is this :
 Oh, in what Love his LORD Himself revealeth.

We see the trembling form : but far from sight
 The Spirit passeth to more glorious regions,
 Behind the veil, upborne on wings of light,
 Blending its worship with Angelic legions.

Entranced he gazeth on the wounded Side,
 The precious Stream for him in Mercy flowing,
 The low-bowed Head, the Arms outstretching wide,
 The awful Cross with mystic radiance glowing.

Servant of GOD, thou hast not long to stay ;
 Soon the weak bonds that hold thee here shall
 sever ;
 Then shalt thou gaze upon the perfect day,
 And be with Him thou lov'st for ever and for ever.

The Wounded Side.

Dignare me, O JESU, rogo Te.



JESU, grant me this, I pray,
 Ever in Thy Heart to stay ;
 Let me evermore abide
 Hidden in Thy wounded Side.

If the evil one prepare,
 Or the world, a tempting snare,
 I am safe when I abide
 In Thy Heart and wounded Side.

If the flesh, more dangerous still,
 Tempt my Soul to deeds of ill,
 Nought I fear when I abide
 In Thy Heart and wounded Side.

Death will come one day to me ;
 JESU, cast me not from Thee :
 Dying, let me still abide
 In Thy Heart and wounded Side.

Self-dedication to God : a Hymn of Angelus, of the xvii. Century.

Nun nimm mein Herz und alles was ich bin.



OW take my heart, and all that is in me,
 My LORD Beloved, take it from me to
 Thee ;

I would have Thine :
 This Soul and flesh of mine
 Would order thought and word and deed
 As Thy most holy Will shall lead.

Thou feedest me with Heavenly Bread and Wine,
 Thou pourest through me streams of Life Divine ;

The Thanksgiving.

O noble Face,
So Sweet, so full of Grace,
I ponder, as Thy Cross I see,
How best to give myself to Thee.

Behold, through all the eternal Ages, still
My heart shall choose and love Thy holy Will;
Wouldst Thou my death?
I die to Thee in faith;
Wouldst Thou that I should longer live?
To Thee the choice I wholly give.

But Thou must also deign to be my own,
To dwell in me, to make my heart Thy Throne,
My God indeed,
My Help in time of need,
My Head, from Whom no power can sever,
The Bridegroom of my Soul for ever.

Powerful to Save.

*The LORD grant unto him, that he may find Mercy
of the LORD in that Day.*



N whose Soul have Mercy, JESU, powerful to save—
This inscribe above my clay, when sleeping in the grave:
The Cross o'ershadowing the spot; a tablet at the feet,
Recording my baptismal name dear lips have rendered sweet.

For Mercy is my only hope, for Mercy is my cry,
 I have no other plea to gain a blest Eternity ;
 I have no trust but in the Crofs to save in my death-
 hour,
 No help but in my SAVIOUR'S BLOOD, to quench
 the tempter's power.

The solemn hour of closing life to all is drawing
 near,
 When nothing but the COMFORTER can succour
 or can cheer ;
 O Glorious TRIUNE, Light of Life, to Thee be
 Glory given,
 For JESU Present when on earth, for JESU when
 in Heaven.

The New Ark.

Cor Arca Legem continens.



ARK of the Covenant, not that
 Whence bondage came of old,
 But that of Pardon and of Grace
 And Mercies manifold,
 Thou Veil of awful Mystery,
 Thou Sanctuary sublime,
 Thou sacred Temple, holier far
 Than that of olden time,
 Blest Heart of CHRIST, in Thy dear Wound
 The hidden depth we see

The Thanksgiving.

Of what were else unguessed by us,
 His boundless Charity.
 Beneath this emblem of pure Love
 'Twas Love Himself that died,
 And offered up for us to GOD
 A Victim crucified.

Oh, who of His redeemed will Him
 Their mutual Love refuse?
 Who would not rather in that Heart
 Their Home eternal choose?
 To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
 And HOLY GHOST, to Thee
 Be Honour, Glory, Virtue, Power,
 Through all Eternity.

The Cross of Christ.

O Crux, qui sola languentes.



CROSS, that only know'st the Woes
 He suffered erst Who hung on Thee,
 Speak to our hearts of those deep Throes,
 Those broken Words, that Agony.

Sharp were the nails which ruthless bound
 His fainting Form in thine embrace;
 The thorns about His Temples wound,
 Forbade Him e'en that resting-place.

Oh, fearful Woe—the LORD of Life
 Upon thy breast contends with death ;
 And, Victor in the mortal strife,
 Yet yielded up His last faint Breath.

O holy Cross, by thee we live ;
 And at thy foot our life we lay :
 Tribunal, whence our LORD shall give
 His Judgment, in that bitter Day.

Give us, O LORD, to die with Thee,
 With Thee, fell Death to rise above,
 Despising earthly vanity,
 To fix our hearts on Joys above.

The FATHER praise we ; and the SON
 Who triumphed for us on the Tree,
 And hath for us that Glory won ;
 Like praise unto the SPIRIT be.

Memento Christi.

Halt im Gedächtniß JESUM CHRIST.



BEAR JESUS CHRIST the LORD in mind,
 Who left His Heavenly Throne,
 And, out of Love to humankind,
 Put human nature on—
 Our Brother, born of Flesh and Blood,
 To make His sure Salvation good ;
 Then thank Him for His Love.

The Thanksgiving.

Bear JESUS CHRIST the LORD in mind,
On Whom our hopes depend,
With that great Love He bore mankind
He loved them to the end ;
And gave at length His FLESH and BLOOD
To be their Souls' sustaining Food ;
Then thank Him for His Love.

Bear JESUS CHRIST the LORD in mind,
Who sore by grief was tried ;
Out of pure Love to humankind
Upon the Cross He died :
He vanquished sin and every foe,
And saved us from eternal woe ;
Then thank Him for His Love.

Bear JESUS CHRIST the LORD in mind,
Who, freed from death and pain,
In His great Love to humankind,
The third day rose again ;
The Righteousness of CHRIST the LORD
Has Life and Peace to man restored ;
Then thank Him for His Love.

Bear JESUS CHRIST the LORD in mind,
Who, having drained His Cup,
In His great Love to humankind
To Heaven ascended up ;
There to prepare for us a Place,
Where we shall always see His Face,
And thank Him for His Love.

The Ship in the midst of the Sea. 217

Bear JESUS CHRIST the LORD in mind,
Once more from Heaven above
He'll come, as Judge of humankind,
The quick and dead to prove :
Take heed that thou mayst stand the test,
And enter then His holy Rest,
To thank Him for His Love.

LORD, let me ever bear in mind,
And with true faith embrace
Thy Love to me and all mankind,
And may Thy cheering Grace
In hours of sorrow comfort give,
And cause me after death to live,
And thank Thee for Thy Love.

The Ship in the midst of the Sea.

And JESUS went unto them, walking on the sea.



HE waters were Thy Path ;
Thy Way was on the sea :
Who in that night could trace Thy
Steps ?

Who solve the Mystery ?

Some at Capernaum asked—
When and how cam'st Thou here ?
In vain they tried to find the track
By which Thou didst appear.

The Thanksgiving.

But Thy Disciples, LORD,
 Did gladly Thee receive ;
 And when the ship was at the shore ;
 They pry not, but believe.

LORD, in Thy Sacraments
 Thou walkest on the sea ;
 Let us not ask—how dost Thou come ?
 But gladly welcome Thee.

Then will the winds be hushed,
 The waves no longer roar ;
 When CHRIST is with us in the Ship,
 The Ship is at the shore.

Give to the FATHER praise,
 And praise be to the SON,
 Praise be to the HOLY GHOST,
 Praise to the THREE in ONE.

A Hymn of S. Bernard.

JESU, *Dulcedo cordium.*



JESUS, Thou Joy of loving hearts,
 Thou Fount of Life, Thou Light of
 men,
 From the best blifs that earth imparts,
 We turn unfilled to Thee again.

Communion Calm and Joy. 219

Thy Truth unchanged hath ever stood ;
Thou savest those that on Thee call ;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art Good ;
To them that find Thee, All in All.

We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still ;
We drink of Thee, the fountain Head,
And thirst our Souls from Thee to fill.

Our restless Spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast ;
Glad, when Thy gracious Smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

O JESUS, ever with us stay ;
Make all our moments calm and bright ;
Chase the dark night of sin away ;
Shed o'er the world Thy holy Light.

Communion Calm and Joy.

Peace I leave with you ; My Peace I give unto you.



H, what is this enchanting Calm,
Which thus with Joy my bosom fills,
Which o'er my Spirit pours a balm,
And through my inmost being thrills ?

The Thanksgiving.

Is some bright Seraph higher sent,
 Diffusing sweetness from his wings,
 To steep my bosom in content,
 Unseen, unfelt from earthly things?

No; something purer far must dwell
 Within this raptured Soul of mine :
 'Tis what no mortal tongue can tell ;
 'Tis more than Heavenly, 'tis Divine.

My GOD, my JESUS, it is Thou
 Art ravishing my heart with Bliss ;
 Thy Presence is within me now :
 Could I have asked a boon like this ?

Yes, stooping from Thy Throne above,
 Thou wilt not dwell from man apart :
 Thou, in Thy Sacrament of Love,
 Hast come to dwell within my heart.

The Last Sacraments.

*Yea, though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow
 of Death, I will fear no evil ; for Thou art with me,
 Thy Rod and Thy Staff comfort me.*



WHEN day's shadows lengthen,
 JESU, be Thou near ;
 Pardon, comfort, strengthen,
 Chase away my fear ;

The Last Sacraments.

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Love and Hope be deepened,
Faith more strong and clear.

When the night grows darkest,
And the stars are pale,
When the foe assembles
In Death's misty vale,
Be Thou Sword and Helmet,
Be Thou Shield and Mail.

He, who stands beside me,
Comes but to proclaim
Pardon for contrition,
Wipes out stains of shame;
Saying—I absolve thee
In CHRIST's blessed Name.

If Thou willest, feed me,
Strengthen, ere I go ;
In that unknown pathway
Lighten every woe ;
JESU, as Thou knowest,
Grant me so to know.

That an hour of weakness—
That a time of fear—
Come, Thou Bread of Heaven,
Sacrament so dear ;
All I loved may vanish
If but Thou be near.

The Thanksgiving.

Come, Thou Food of Angels,
Source of every Grace,
In Thy FATHER's Mansions
Give me soon a place,
That unveiled in Splendour
I may see Thy Face.

Fading this world, fading,
Forms are growing dim,
Other voices whisper
Tones of some sweet hymn,
Telling of His Mercy,
Speaking but of Him.

By the Jordan's ripples,
Passing through the shade ;
Let me hear that promise
Once for ever made—
It is I, Thy JESUS ;
Be not thou afraid.

Cold the waters rolling,
Chill the mists around,
Black the night above me,
Strange th' untrodden ground,
Oft lost in the desert,
Yet may I be found.

Then be near me, JESUS,
Enemies shall flee ;

Ave! Sacramentum,
 Thou my Comfort be,
 Food, and Priest, and Victim,
 Let me feed on Thee.

So shall no fears chill me
 On that unknown shore,
 For in death He conquered
 And can die no more;
 His Hand guards and guides me
 To the City's door.

Blessed warfare over,
 Endless Rest alone,
 Tears no more, nor sorrow,
 Neither sigh nor moan,
 But a song of triumph
 Round about the Throne.

An Act of Thanksgiving after Reception.

Abide with us; for it is towards evening.



ESUS, Gentlest SAVIOUR,
 God of Might and Power,
 Thou Thyself art dwelling
 In us at this hour.

Nature cannot hold Thee,
 Heaven is all too strait

The Thanksgiving.

For Thine endless Glory,
And Thy Royal State.

Out beyond the shining
Of the farthest star,
Thou art ever stretching
Infinitely far.

Yet the hearts of children
Hold what worlds can not,
And the GOD of Wonders
Loves the lowly spot.

As men to their gardens
Go to seek sweet flowers,
In our hearts Dear JESUS
Seeks them at all hours.

JESUS, Gentlest SAVIOUR,
Thou art in us now ;
Fill us full of Goodness,
Till our hearts o'erflow.

Pray the prayer within us
That to Heaven shall rise ;
Sing the song that Angels
Sing above the skies.

Multiply our Graces,
Chiefly love and fear,

Thanksgiving after Communion. 225

And, Dear LORD; the chiefeſt,
Grace to perſevere.

Oh, how can we thank Thee
For a Gift like this,
Gift that truly maketh
Heaven's eternal Blifs?

Ah, when wilt Thou always
Make our hearts Thy home?
We muſt wait for Heaven,
Then the day will come.

Now at leaſt we'll keep Thee
All the time we may;
But Thy Grace and Bleſſing
We will keep alway.

Thanksgiving after Communion.

*Every day will I give thanks unto Thee, and praise Thy
Name for ever and ever.*



GOD of Mercy, GOD of Might,
How ſhould pale ſinners bear the ſight,
If, as Thy Power is ſurely here,
Thine open Glory ſhould appear?

For now Thy People are allowed
To ſcale the mount and pierce the cloud;
And Faith may feed her eager view
With wonders Sinai never knew.

The Thanksgiving.

Fresh from th' atoning Sacrifice
The world's Creator bleeding lies,
That man, His foe, by whom He bled,
May take Him for his daily Bread.

Oh, agony of wavering thought,
When sinners first so near are brought :
It is my Maker—dare I stay ?
My SAVIOUR—dare I turn away ?

Thus, while the storm is high within
'Twixt Love of CHRIST and fear of sin,
Who can express the soothing charm,
To feel Thy kind upholding Arm,

My mother Church ? and hear thee tell
Of a world lost, yet loved so well,
That He, by Whom the Angels live,
His Only SON for her would give ?

And doubt we yet ? Thou call'st again ;
A lower still, a sweeter strain ;
A voice from Mercy's inmost shrine,
The very breath of Love Divine.

Whispering it says to each apart—
Come unto Me, thou trembling heart ;
And we must hope, so sweet the tone,
The precious Words are all our own.

Thanksgiving after Communion. 227

Hear them, Kind SAVIOUR, hear Thy Spouse
Low at Thy Feet renew her vows ;
Thine own dear Promise she would plead
For us her true though fallen seed.

She pleads by all her mercies, told
Thy chosen Witnesses of old,
Love's heralds sent to man forgiven,
One from the Cross, and One from Heaven.

This, of true Penitents the chief,
To the lost Spirit brings relief,
Lifting on high th' adorèd Name—
Sinners to save, CHRIST JESUS came.

That, dearest of Thy bosom Friends,
Into the wavering heart descends—
What ? fall'n again ? yet cheerful rise,
Thine Intercessor never dies.

The eye of Faith that waxes bright
Each moment by Thine Altar's light
Sees them e'en now ; they still abide
In Mystery kneeling at our side ;

And with them every Spirit blest,
From realms of triumph or of rest,
From Him Who saw creation's morn,
Of all Thine Angels eldest born,

The Thanksgiving.

To the poor babe, who died to-day,
 Take part in our thanksgiving lay,
 Watching the tearful joy and calm,
 While sinners taste Thine Heavenly balm.

Sweet, awful hour ; the only sound
 One gentle footstep gliding round,
 Offering by turns on JESUS' part
 The Cross to every hand and heart.

Refresh us, LORD, to hold it fast ;
 And when Thy Veil is drawn at last,
 Let us depart where shadows cease,
 With words of Blessing and of Peace.

A Giving of Thanks, of the xv. Century.

Saturatus Ferculis et Cibis.



ED with Dainties from above,
 With holiest viands sated,
 Nourished by this Feast of Love,
 With Heavenly Joys elated,
 With what fitting gratitude
 Can this cold heart be glowing
 To Thee, Who art here my Food,
 On me Thyself bestowing ?

Now and every hour of time
 Let all Creation blefs Thee ;
 For this Festival sublime
 Shall my whole heart confess Thee,

Who dost thus my Spirit cheer,
 My earthly portion sweeten,
 Life revive and darkness clear,
 By Thy Dear BODY eaten.

This through all my quickening veins
 Its sacred Vigour poureth ;
 And unto my heart and reins
 Immortal youth restoreth.
 Oh, on what sweet Bread to-day
 Hath my rapt Soul been feeding ;
 How with thanks can I repay
 Such Love, all thanks exceeding?

Now to embrace Thy sacred Feet
 I turn with deep affection ;
 And with streaming tears to greet
 The Spouse of mine election.
 Firm in faith Thy Wounds adored,
 I reckon with devotion ;
 And Thy precious Death, O LORD,
 Partake with deep emotion.

Feet and Knees, Thy Hands, Thy Face,
 Heart, Eyes, Side, Bosom, viewing ;
 There for Pardon and for Grace
 Bowed down and prostrate suing.
 May they to my heart and eyes
 For evermore be present ;
 From my breast responsive sighs
 To Thee draw forth incessant.

The Thanksgiving.

For these and Thine other Gifts
 Whereof I am partaker,
 Tokens of Thy Grace, I lift
 My Soul to Thee, my Maker.
 When in my last earthly day,
 From hence my Spirit flitteth ;
 And this failing frame of clay
 For aye departing quitteth ;

With that Sacred FLESH of Thine,
 And BLOOD, my Soul deliver ;
 Wherein Thou, O Boon Divine,
 Of Thine own Self art Giver.
 May It save from Satan's hate,
 My shield and rampart hide me ;
 And to the Heavenly City's gate
 In Peace and Safety guide me.

The Evening after Communion.

*We are members of His BODY, of His FLESH, and
 of His Bones.*



COME, let me for a moment cast
 All earthly thoughts away,
 And muse upon the sacred Gift
 Which I received to-day.

This morning that Eternal LORD
 Who is my Judge to be,
 Came to this lowly tenement,
 And stayed awhile with me.

The Evening after Communion. 231

With His Celestial FLESH and BLOOD,
My fainting Soul He fed ;
With tender words of Grace and Love
My heart He comforted.

He, Who of all that live and breathe
Is all the Life and Breath,
This morning deigned to visit me
In this my house of death.

He, Whose Immensity transcends
Creation's utmost goal,
This morning deigned to be confined
Within my finite Soul.

He, Who in endless wealth abounds,
The world's Possessor blest,
This morning deigned, oh, wondrous thought,
To be by me possessed.

He, Who in Awful GODHEAD sits
Upon His Throne on high,
This morning entered my abode,
In His Humanity.

He, Who for me a Trembling BABE,
On Mary's Heart reclined,
This morning in my heart and flesh
His DEITY enshrined.

O Soul of mine, reflect, reflect,
Consider, one by one,

232 **The Thanksgiving.**

What Marvels of surpassing Grace
Thy GOD in thee has done.

His tender Love with love repay,
Extol His sacred Name,
To all the world His Greatness tell,
His Graciousness proclaim.

Eucharistical.

Εὐχαριστοῦμέν Σοι, Δέσποτα, Κύριε, ὁ Θεὸς ἡμῶν, κ.τ.λ.



ASTER, LORD and GOD, to Thee
Thanks and adoration,
That Thou giv'st Thyself to be
Our Participation,

Through Thy Mysteries, Holy, Pure,
Heavenly, that for aye endure;
Souls and bodies strengthening, free
With Thy best Salvation.

Loving, Bounteous, Gracious LORD,
Thankful we adore Thee;
May Thy Gift, on this Thy Board
Duly set before Thee,
Be to us Celestial Food,
Holy BODY, Precious BLOOD—
Through Thy SPIRIT and Thy Word—
Lowly we implore Thee.

So shall we, with Love unblamed,
Godliness abounding,

Hope, that maketh not ashamed,
Faith, the Foe confounding,
Walk in Thy Commandments' way,
Till, on Thy tremendous Day,
Blessed we of Thee be named,
All Thy Saints surrounding.

Eucharistic Thanksgiving.

*O give Thanks unto the LORD, for He is Gracious,
because His Mercy endureth for ever.*



WE give Thee thanks, Dear FATHER,
For all Thy Glory shown,
In making this great Sacrifice
For all our sins atone ;

For giving our poor human fight
A SAVIOUR to adore—
Pardon and Comfort, Peace in death,
And Life for evermore.

We thank Thee, Holy FATHER,
For all that gentle Love,
Which leads these earthly, anxious hearts
To peaceful homes above,
Which shows the passing vanity
Of worldly cares and joys,
And man's strong will and passions' might
In tenderness destroys.

We give Thee thanks, Sweet SAVIOUR,
Our grateful hearts to Thee,

The Thanksgiving.

Who pitieth all our sorrows,
And all our misery ;
We thank Thee for Thy Precious BLOOD,
Which takes away our sin,
Pardons our lives, our words, our deeds,
Our inmost thoughts within.

O LAMB of GOD, we thank Thee
For stilling all our fears,
Calming unrestful human hearts,
And drying all our tears ;
Drawing to better, purer hopes
Above—and Rest in Heaven ;
Whisp'ring of never-dying Love,
And every sin forgiven.

We give Thee thanks, Good SPIRIT,
For Thy Life-giving Power,
Shining with mystic splendour's Light
In Eucharistic hour ;
Oh, teach us how to worship GOD
As Angels do on high,
And join our loved Communion with
Their Altars in the Sky.

We thank Thee, HOLY SPIRIT,
Rise Thou within our hearts,
Illuminate the Mystery
This Sacrament imparts ;
Oh, sanctify the Offerings
We bring our GOD to-day ;
Reveal Thy glorious Presence,
And teach us how to pray.

O TRIUNE GOD, we thank Thee,
 Thy glorious Name we bless,
 And ask Thy Grace to lead us on
 In paths of Holiness;
 Help us each day to work for Thee;
 Let not Thy Blessing cease;
 But ever whisper in our hearts
 The parting Words of Peace.

We give Thee thanks, O TRINITY,
 Eternal THREE in ONE,
 For all the wondrous Love and Grace
 This Sacrament has won;
 We give Thee thanks, O TRINITY,
 Mysterious ONE in THREE,
 For this bright Light to guide us here
 On to Eternity.

Remember Me.

The Christian's Request to his Friend.



WHEN thy heart's emotion
 Yields to deep devotion,
 Oh, Friend, remember me:
 When in sweet Communion
 Lost, and sacred Union,
 Oh, then remember me:
 When, from earth retiring,
 To thy LORD aspiring,
 All His Grace desiring,
 Lone thou bow'st the knee;

The Thanksgiving.

Then, when friends the dearest
Are in JESUS nearest,
Then, Friend, remember me.

The Christian's Request to his SAVIOUR.

When, my heart beguiling,
All around is smiling ;
Oh, LORD, remember me :
When afflictions press me,
Sins and fears distress me,
Oh, still remember me :
On the couch when lying,
Languishing and dying ;
When the last, last sighing
Yields my Soul to Thee ;
Then, when friends are failing,
Nought on earth availing,
Oh, then remember me.

The SAVIOUR's Request to the Christian.

When, carested, caressing,
Thine each earthly Blessing ;
Wilt thou remember Me ?
Then, when sunshine fails thee,
Then, when storm assails thee,
Will I remember thee :
When My Word is spoken,
When the Bread is broken,
Of My Death the Token,
Midst my two or three ;

Then thy Friend, once bleeding,
Now in Glory pleading,
Then most remember Me.

When My Brethren languish,
Pressed with want or anguish,
In them remember Me :
When thou hear'st what millions
Death's dark shade pavilions,
In them remember Me :
Think what once I suffered,
How My Life I offered,
How My Love discovered
Love to all, to thee :
Thus, with love's emotion,
Thus, with life's devotion,
Oh, thus remember Me.

Wait awhile ; be fervent ;
As My Friend and Servant
Awhile remember Me :
Soon shall faith to vision
Yield in sweet transition,
If thou remember Me :
Soon, with those before thee
Gathered into Glory,
Thou too shalt adore Me,
Soon my Face shalt see ;
All thy faint remembrance
Lost in bright resemblance,
Oh, then remember Me.

A Post-Communion Prayer, of the
xv. Century.

O JESU, *Dulcissime*.



JESU, best Beloved,
Thou Bread by which we live,
Who now hast deigned most really
Thy very Self to give,
From every guilt absolve me,
And grant my grief to be
Sincere and penitential,
And welcome unto Thee.

O JESU, living Victim,
By gifts of Grace and Love
Renew my Soul, and make me
Acceptable above :
By broken Bread and Wine-Cup
Eternal Life impart,
And nourish by Thy Presence
Thy Love within my heart.

Make me, Sweet Consoler,
All vanity to flee ;
My Buckler, my Defender,
Give me the Victory ;
Teach me Thy Ways, Restorer,
And grant, when Life be past,
In Beatific Vision
To see Thy Face at last.

The Remembrance.

Wie könnt ich Sein vergessen.



H, how could I forget Him
 Who ne'er forgetteth me?
 Or tell the Love that let Him
 Come down to set me free?
 I lay in darkest sadness,
 Till He made all things new,
 And still fresh Love and Gladness
 Flow from that Heart so true.

How could I ever leave Him,
 Who is so kind a Friend?
 How could I ever grieve Him,
 Who thus to me doth bend?
 Have I not seen Him dying
 For us on yonder Tree?
 Do I not hear Him crying—
 Arise and follow Me?

For ever will I love Him,
 Who saw my hopeless plight,
 Who felt my sorrows move Him,
 And brought me Life and Light;
 Whose Arm shall be around me
 When my last hour is come,
 And suffer none to wound me
 Though dark the passage home.

The Thanksgiving.

He gives me Pledges holy,
 His BODY and His BLOOD ;
 He lifts the scorned, the lowly,
 He makes my courage good :
 For He will reign within me,
 And shed His Graces there ;
 The Heaven He died to win me
 Can I then fail to share ?

In joy and sorrow ever
 Shine through me, blessed Heart,
 Who, bleeding for us, never
 Didst shrink from sorest smart :
 Whate'er I've loved, or striven,
 Or borne, I bring to Thee ;
 Now let Thy Heart and Heaven
 Stand open, LORD, to me.

Act of Thanksgiving ; from the German.

Holy, Holy, Holy, LORD GOD of Hosts.

HOLY, Holy, Thee we sing,
 JESU, with the Angel-throng,
 Unto Thee Thy Children bring,
 JESUS, gifts of heart and song.
 CHRIST, the Everlasting GOD,
 CHRIST, of Heaven the End, the Road,
 Be Thou ever praised and blest,
 SAVIOUR, LORD for aye confessed ;
 Hail ! to Thee all knees are bent ;
 Hail ! most wondrous Sacrament.

Eucharistic Adoration.

O worship the LORD in the beauty of Holiness.



LORD, when at Thy holy Table
 We adore Thy Presence, raise
 Every heart, for Thou art able,
 On the wings of prayer and praise :
 Strengthen, with the Heavenly Food
 Of Thy BODY and Thy BLOOD,
 All who, feeble though they be,
 Come in faith to feed on Thee.

Where the Bread of Life is broken,
 Glorious is the holy place ;
 Where the Word of Life is spoken,
 Sweet Thy reconciled Face :
 Love and life, and faith, and prayer,
 Find their deep renewal there,
 All we are, or hope to be,
 There we get, and give to Thee.

Mystery of awful Wonder,
 Thou the Mighty GOD art there,
 Clothed, not in Thy Robes of thunder,
 But in Love, so rich and rare,
 That the nearer we approach,
 And the more by faith we touch,
 We the purer Blessings prove,
 Higher Joy, and deeper Love.

R

The Thanksgiving.

Awful Presence, ever filling,
 As Thou dost, Immensity,
 Yet in all Thy Greatness willing
 Man's incarnate Life to be :
 Oh, the fulness of the Bliss
 We may know through Love like this ;
 Oh, the rich and precious store,
 Joy vouchsafed us evermore.

Hymn to the Precious Blood.

Viva, viva, JESU.



GLORY be to JESUS,
 Who in bitter pains,
 Poured for me the LIFE-BLOOD
 From His sacred Veins.

Grace and Life eternal
 In that BLOOD I find,
 Blest be His Compassion,
 Infinitely kind.

Blest through endless ages
 Be the precious Stream,
 Which from endless torments
 Doth the world redeem.

There the fainting Spirit
 Drinks of Life her fill ;
 There, as in a fountain,
 Saves herself at will.

Rest and Peace in Truth.

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Oh, the BLOOD of CHRIST,
It soothes the FATHER's Ire,
Opes the gate of Heaven,
Quells eternal fire.

Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies ;
But the BLOOD of JESUS
For our pardon cries.

Oft as It is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
Satan in confusion
Terror-struck departs ;

Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel Hosts rejoicing
Make their glad reply.

Lift ye, then, your voices ;
Swell the mighty flood ;
Louder still and louder,
Praise the Precious BLOOD.

Rest and Peace in Truth.

Per Pacem ad Lucem.



DO not ask, O LORD, that life may be
A pleasant road ;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take
from me

The Thanksgiving.

Aught of its load ;
 I do not ask that flowers should always spring
 Beneath my feet ;
 I know too well the poison and the sting
 Of things too sweet :
 For one thing only, LORD, Dear LORD, I plead,
 Lead me aright—
 Though strength should falter, and though heart
 should bleed—
 Through Peace to Light.

I do not ask, O LORD, that Thou shouldst shed
 Full Radiance here ;
 Give but a ray of Peace, that I may tread
 Without a fear ;
 I do not ask my Cross to understand,
 My way to see—
 Better in darkness just to feel Thy Hand
 And follow Thee.
 Joy is like restless day ; but Peace Divine,
 Like quiet night :
 Lead me, O LORD—till perfect Day shall shine,
 Through Peace to Light.

A Sacramental Retrospect.

Worthy is the LAMB That was slain.



H, moments of feeling, how sacred, how
 sweet,
 When, with JESUS amidst them, His
 “ two or three ” meet ;

His Love's farewell Tokens to each one are given :
O Holy Communion, O foretaste of Heaven.

Hark, hark to those accents—In Mem'ry of Me,
Eat, drink ; 'tis My BODY, My BLOOD ; 'tis for
thee—

Each heart, like that BODY, is broken for sin ;
Like that BLOOD, in devotion 'tis poured out
within.

All that's earthly has vanished, sin, sorrow, and
fear ;

'Tis JESUS absorbs us, He only is here :
What Peace, past expression, His Peace, fills the
mind ;

While to love each emotion, His Love, is resigned.

O'er each bosom His SPIRIT descends, like a Dove ;
All pride, all unkindness, is melted in Love :
So sweetly affianced, as sinners undone,
To Thee, Dying SAVIOUR, Thy Love makes us
one.

Yet we mourn that, too often, in breaking Thy
Bread,

Thou art known, as Thou once wert, and suddenly
fled :

Our hearts, in Thy Presence, oh, did they not burn ?
But too brief was that fervour, too slow to return.

Yet, lovely Memorials, what still ye record,
 In those hearts is engraven the Death of our LORD:
 Till, with all His redeemed ones, we swell the
 glad strain—
 How worthy, all worthy, the LAMB that was slain.

The Sign of the Son of Man.

*Then shall appear the Sign of the SON of MAN
 in Heaven.*



CROSS, O Cross of Shame,
 In every age the same,
 Thou Symbol of a shameful thing,
 Meet for a slave, and not a King;
 Symbol of shame and loss,
 Where is thy Grace, O Cross,
 That I should bear thee thus with heart and hand,
 Where earth's rude scorners stand—
 Myself a laughing-stock for thee,
 A by-word, and a mockery?

O Cross, O Cross of Pain,
 Where is to me the gain,
 That in this bleeding heart of mine,
 I nail each bitter nail of thine,
 That still with every breath
 I live a life of death—
 A life, that is a daily dying still,
 A death, that may not kill;

But hour by hour, and day by day,
Feeds on the life it will not slay ?

O Cross, O Cross of Light,
With Heavenly beauty bright,
I love and glory in thy shame,
For He, I love, has borne the same.
The world may scorn and threat
Her idle vengeance yet ;
But I will bear thee still with heart and hand,
Though men with devils band ;
For He, I love, is with me still,
And shame is sweet, if His dear Will.

O Cross, O Cross of Joy,
Oh, Sweetness without cloy,
Still wound and pierce my bleeding heart,
For honey streams from every dart.
O crimson, crimson Tree,
Still let me cling to thee ;
For thy dear arms reposing day by day,
Still let me die away ;
For He, I love, is by my side,
And death is sweet, for He has died.

O Cross, O Cross of Woe,
When Heaven and earth shall glow,
When blazing in the eastern sky,
The SON of MAN's dread Sign shall lie,
His Sign, no more of shame,
His Cross, a Cross of flame,

The Thankgiving.

To whom the gain, to whom the endless loss,
At that dread Day, O Cross,
To scorner, or to scorned, on high ?
The Fire shall try the Fire shall try.

Jesus passeth by.

Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.



THOU passest by—Thy awful Step I hear;
Thou passest by—Thy five dread
Wounds I see ;
Thou passest by—Thy saving Cross I
clasp
With penitential tears of agony.

Thou passest by—I will not let Thee go
Until Thy Mercy streams into my Soul ;
I am sin-laden ; lift the burden off,
For Thou alone canst heal and make me whole.

Renew my Spirit with unswerving faith,
While pondering on the path Thy Saints have
trod ;

With hope and courage nerve this feeble frame
To follow Thee, Thou Ever-present GOD.

Thou passest by—I pray to be illumed
With Grace and Light ; so shall the darkness
flee :

And these dim eyes, O Thou Ascended LORD,
In rapture recognise and gaze on Thee.

The Second Advent.

Ye do show the LORD's Death till He come.



Y CHRIST redeemed, in CHRIST restored,
We keep the Memory adored,
And show the Death of our Dear LORD,
Until He come.

His BODY broken in our stead,
Is here, in this Memorial Bread—
And so our feeble love is fed,
Until He come.

His fearful Drops of Agony,
His LIFE-BLOOD shed for us we see—
The Wine shall tell the Mystery,
Until He come.

And thus that dark betrayal-night,
With the last Advent we unite—
The shame, the Glory, by this Rite,
Until He come.

Until the Trump of GOD be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And with the great commanding Word,
The LORD shall come.

The Thanksgiving.

O blessed Hope, with this elate
 Let not our hearts be desolate,
 But strong in faith, in patience wait,
 Until He come.

A Hymn on the Heavenward Course; of the
 xviii. Century.

Himmelan gebt unsre Bahn.



HEAVENWARD still our pathway tends,
 Here on earth we are but strangers,
 Till our road in Canaan ends,
 Through this wilderness of dangers;
 Here we but as pilgrims rove,
 For our Home is there above.

Heavenward still my Soul ascend,
 Thou art one of Heaven's creations;
 Earth can ne'er give aim or end
 Fit to fill thy aspirations;
 And a Heaven-enlightened mind
 Ever turns its source to find.

Heavenward still, God calls to me,
 In His Word so clearly speaking;
 Glimpses in that Word I see
 Of the Home I'm ever seeking;
 And while that my steps defends,
 Still to Heaven my track ascends.

Heavenward still my thoughts arise,
When He to His Board invites me ;
Then my Spirit upward flies,
Foretaste then of Heaven delights me :
When on earth this Food has ceased,
Comes the LAMB'S Own Marriage-feast.

Heavenward still my Spirit wends,
That fair land by faith exploring ;
Heavenward still my heart ascends,
Sun, and moon, and stars out-soaring :
Their faint rays in vain would try
With the light of Heaven to vie.

Heavenward still when life shall close,
Death to my true Home shall guide me ;
There, triumphant o'er my woes,
Lasting Blifs shall GOD provide me :
CHRIST Himself the way has led,
Joyful in His Steps I tread.

Still then Heavenward, Heavenward still,
That shall be my watchword ever ;
Heaven's delights my heart shall fill,
And from vain illusions sever :
Heavenward still my thoughts shall run,
Till the gate of Heaven I've won.

Prayer for the Gift of Gratitude.

Aus Lieb verwundter, JESU mein.

JESU, Pierced for love of me,
 How can this poor heart grateful be?
 Would that my burning love might be
 Even as is Thy Love to me.

Now on a wondrous wise dost Thou
 Thy very Self on me bestow :
 Love bids Thee stoop to be so low—
 But who that depth of Love can know?

Oh, come to me, Dear LORD, I pray,
 And let Thy Love my Spirit stay :
 Behold, it longeth sore for Thee,
 I would it might more worthy be.
 To forest streams the Hart doth hie,
 When he for thirst is fain to die ;
 And so my Soul doth pant for Thee,
 O JESU, JESU, come to me.

I cannot love Thee as I would,
 Yet pardon me, O Highest Good ;
 My life, and all I call mine own,
 I lay before Thine Altar-Throne :
 And if a thousand lives were mine,
 O Sweetest LORD, they should be Thine ;
 And scanty would the offering be,
 So richly hast Thou loved me.

Act of Reparation ; a Sequence of the
xviii. Century.

Plange, Sion, muta vocem.



SION, mourn, thy voice subduing,
Turn to lamentation, viewing
All men's wild and fearful rage :
Loving greatly, greatly wailing,
Praise thy GOD, though sin prevalling
Lively hate in thee engage.

Joy in GOD now well thou leavest,
Nor that sacred Food receivest
Which makes life to live indeed :
He with stripes again is goaded,
And with deep reproaches loaded,
Who to save us came to bleed.

Oh, how vile was the commission,
How abhorred the repetition
Of the Cross, that deed of shame :
His betray, deny Him, and flee apace ;
Captain, King, Priest, soldier, and populace
For the death of GOD exclaim.

What the Love of GOD has lent us,
And for our Salvation sent us,
Into judgment here is turned :
Here the Holy is profanèd ;
Here the WORD of Truth disdainèd ;
With contempt the Good is spurned.

He, the LAMB, Heaven's Adoration,
In the Altar's pure Oblation,
Can but low esteem secure :
Light to Heaven, here darkly hidden ;
Praised above, here rudely bidden
Contradiction to endure.

Who in Heaven with jubilation,
Here, in bitter indignation
Stand, the Messengers of light.
Howl, ye foes of GOD, and tremble,
Nor your dread of Him dissemble,
Sinners, when He comes in Might.

Sheep and goats, of diverse spirits,
Find Him tempered to their merits ;
Due rewards to each He deals :
CHRIST, Himself our Victim giving,
Is the Judge of all men living ;
And e'en now their sentence seals.

Doth this speech your dread awaken,
Thundered forth by faith unshaken ?
Hear a speech more stern and dread—
With Me ye shall enter never,
Nor My Banquet taste for ever—
Thus the unchanging King hath said.

Still He looks 'mid guests reclining,
'Mid so many vestures shining,
If there be one naked found :

Oh, what weight of chains shall bind him,
What a mist of darkneſs blind him,
Given up to torments, bound.

Many ſhall in Hell awaken,
By the ſleep of death o'ertaken,
Guilty of the FLESH of CHRIST.
Whither are ye blindly going ?
Now the Vine is Life beſtowing,
Why are ye to death enticed ?

LORD, to whom ſhall we retiring
Go from Thee, his face deſiring,
There with better hopes enquiring—
Thou the Truth, the Life, the Way ?
Lo ! we ſtand, in terror ſuing,
And our ſtubborn Souls ſubduing,
Praiſe and ſorrow both renewing,
Proſtrate hearts before Thee lay.

On us Thy Rebuke is turnèd,
When Thou with contempt art ſpurnèd ;
And our hearts with anger burnèd
When Thy foes were thus profane.
Gentle LAMB, Propitiation
For the ſinful world's Salvation :
Mourned we Thine Humiliation ;
Thou their wickedneſs reſtrained.

Stop the mouth that Thee blaſphemeth,
Heal the mind that falſely deemeth,

Stay the hand that vile esteemeth,
 Trust not love that only seemeth,
 Make Thy Fear on all to seize.
 While we view this profanation,
 What can check our lamentation?
 Lo! ourselves are Thy Oblation;
 Sighs and tears our aspiration,
 Grant us, which Thyself may please.

The Completion of the Sacrifice of the Cross.

It is finished.



IT is finished—JESUS said,
 Bowing on the Cross His Head.
 It is finished—He says now
 When the voice comes soft and low:
 Lo! the Victim's FLESH and BLOOD—
 Eat and drink with gratitude.

But if any would have part,
 They must sorrow with That Heart;
 Then, if JESUS thus be given,
 They must render back to Heaven
 Holy thanks of heart and will,
 Else it is unfinished still.

Were it from my heart alone
 Praise ascended to Thy Throne,

Were there not within its shrine
More than earthly Bread and Wine,
Then, O then, it could not bless
Save by owning thanklessness.

But there entered this sweet hour
To my heart heart-changing Power ;
Now that inner Aid I claim,
All within me, praise God's Name ;
Thou didst teach Thine Own to pray,
Teach me now to praise and say—

Wake, my glory ; wake, sweet string ;
I myself will wake and sing ;
Lo ! my heart forgets its care,
For my Love hath entered there,
And its only thought is this—
He is mine, and I am His.

What the Fathers longed to see,
And the Prophets' company,
What the holy Kings long dead
Their true Crown had reckonèd,
The most holy Bread of Heaven—
This to me is freely given.

What the people on the shore
Prayed might feed them evermore,
What the woman by the well
Asked, that she might thirstless dwell,

**This is rendered to our need—
Meat indeed and Drink indeed.**

**Who shall measure out Its price ?
Who for It make sacrifice ?
Gold or rubies gauge It never,
All from all for It may sever,
And though nought to yield remain
Infinite would be their gain.**

**Therefore with all Hosts on high—
Alleluia !—rapt I cry ;
Praise to Him, Who from the Highest
Hath to lowly Souls come nighest ;
Sing of Him till time is o'er,
Alleluia ! evermore.**





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CHISWICK PRESS:—PRINTED BY WHITTINGHAM AND WILKINS,
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.

31 JY63



